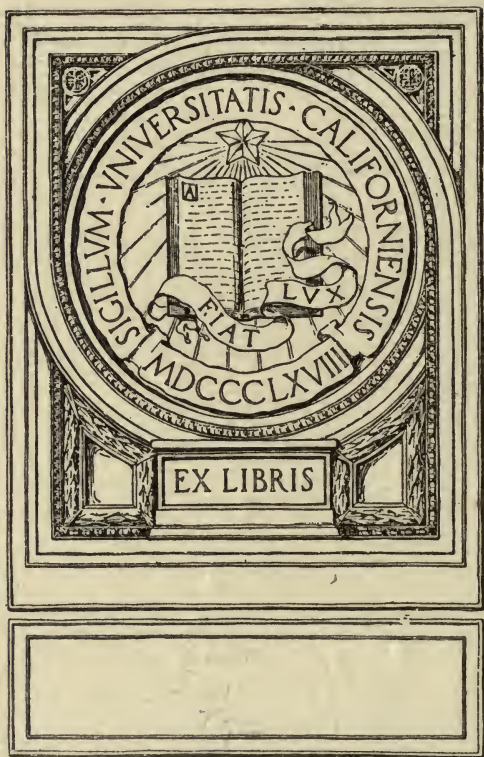


DR JAMESON

G. SEYMOUR FORT



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DR. JAMESON

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DR. JAMESON (1896).

[Frontispiece.

DR. JAMESON

BY
G. SEYMOUR FORT

WITH SIX ILLUSTRATIONS

THE
OF
CALIFORNIA

LONDON
HURST AND BLACKETT, LIMITED
1908

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TO VIND
A. B. C. D. E. F. G. H. I. J. K. L. M. N. O. P. Q. R. S. T. U. V. W. X. Y. Z.



P R E F A C E .

To describe in a speech, in his presence, the career of a personal friend is always embarrassing, both for the speaker as well as for the friend. To write of him in a book is a still more delicate task, and however much the author may wish to confine himself to the mere narration of facts, he cannot avoid making his friend the victim of a considerable amount of panegyric and laudation. There is, indeed, much to be said in favour of those who utterly condemn the writing of contemporary biography ; but even they are sometimes willing to admit that the degree of an author's criminality varies in different cases. It often happens, in fact, that such a biography is the only method of enabling an existing generation to make any definite acquaintance of a man, whose character and work posterity will certainly study with interest.

This book does not in any way pretend to be an exhaustive or critical monograph of Dr. Jameson's Life and Times. It is merely an appreciative sketch of his career up to the present period. The idea of writing it to a certain extent originated with my friend, the late Mr. Alfred Beit, for whose advice and information I am greatly indebted. Although I have Dr. Jameson's permission to publish, he has never seen a line or word of the contents of this publication, and the views expressed therein, except where his own speeches are quoted, are entirely my own, and not his. Doubtless he would disagree with

many of my conclusions, and had it been possible, I would gladly have consulted him on very many points. I strictly refrained, however, from doing so, and as he is in complete ignorance of what I have written, it is impossible for any misconception in this respect to arise in the future.

There may be readers who will confine themselves to the adventurous period of Dr. Jameson's life, and will not care to read the last two chapters, describing his less exciting, but equally essential work as Premier of Cape Colony. Such persons may possibly carry away with them a false idea as to his attitude towards the Dutch. For many traits in their national character, notably their hardihood and patriotism, he has ever maintained an unstinted admiration; while the number of his personal friendships with the Dutch and Afrikaner peoples, both men and women, throughout South Africa has steadily increased every year. In common with many Dutchmen and every Britisher, he was frequently compelled in his earlier years to oppose the aggressive anti-British and anti-South African policy of President Kruger and his Hollanders. With the close of the Boer War, however, Krugerism died a natural death, and Dr. Jameson has since been conspicuous, both as citizen and politician, in his efforts to eliminate race-feeling, and to promote between the Dutch who are in power and the British the spirit of co-operation, and the desire to make South Africa a prosperous home for members of both races.

It now only remains for me to express my gratitude to those who have helped me in my task. Let me say first, that before his death, Mr. Edmund Garrett wrote expressing his pleasure at the appreciative nature of my sketch, more especially as he had come to realize that Dr. Jameson was a far greater man than he had described him in his "Story of a South African Crisis." I have to

thank the Directors of the British South Africa Company for allowing me free access to their library and records; and also Mr. Bromwich, their librarian, for his ever-ready help. I have not been fortunate in the matter of photographs. In the first place, it has not been possible to discover the address of the owner of the copyright to an album of interesting early Rhodesian incidents; secondly, Dr. Jameson has always shown himself very clever in eluding those comparatively few photographers, who, in the pre-kodak days, occupied the field. I am indebted to Mr. Mathers, the editor of *South Africa*, who kindly placed at my disposal his interesting photographic collection of men of note in that country.

To Mr. S. W. Jameson, Majors Heany and Johnson, Mr. J. B. Taylor, Mr. J. Stevens and to Mr. Garlick I am indebted for very many of the unwritten, unrecorded events referred to in these pages. There are also numerous other friends, both here and in South Africa, to whom my thanks are given for the information I have directly or indirectly gleaned from them. To Mr. R. S. Holland I am very grateful for his long continued assistance; and especially am I under deep obligation to Mr. Bouchier Hawksley—probably Dr. Jameson's closest living friend—for his unfailing and invaluable help in all matters connected with this work, and especially in its revision.

G. SEYMOUR FORT.

3, Southwick Place,

Hyde Park Square, W.

November, 1908.

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DR. JAMESON.

PROLOGUE.

“ All sorts go to make a world,
The coward and the rogue and the hero ;
But the highest fortune of Earth's children
Is always in their own personality.”

JAMESON'S name is known throughout the length and breadth of the civilized world. It has stirred the hearts and passions of men, and aroused the curiosity and imagination of nations. Despite this recognition, however, but little seems to be known of the incidents of his career, or of the nature of the work he has achieved. Men's eyes have been so riveted on the Raid that they have lost the true perspective of the events that preceded and followed that incident. They have scarce perceived the strength and beauty of his friendship with Rhodes—a poem yet to be written. They have overlooked the romance of his occupation of the Hinterland of Rhodesia; and the brilliance of his early administrative methods, which estab-

lished for all time its civilization and prosperity. In the swirl of events they have failed to realize his rapid ascension to power after suffering the greatest *débâcle* of modern times. On Wednesday, the 1st January, 1896, Jameson held Her Majesty's commission as Administrator of Rhodesia; by noon the next day he was officially proclaimed outlaw, and before night was a prisoner in the hands of the Boers, his life a forfeit to their mercy. Then followed imprisonments in Pretoria and England; yet in May, 1900, he was a member of the Legislative Assembly at the Cape—from 1904 to 1908 was Premier of that Colony, and is to-day the leader of the Opposition.

Seldom have disaster and universal disapprobation been so triumphantly defied, or the incalculable force of personality so remarkably displayed. Because of his downfall a greater Jameson has arisen, who, in the strength and patience born of adversity, strives unceasingly to promote that unity of policy and method, for which an inchoate South Africa still craves. There is something almost epic about the history of one who has so persistently challenged forlorn hopes and yet remains indomitable. Unambitious for himself, but accepting the power thrust upon him, indifferent

to personal wealth, free from domestic ties, scorning the paths of idleness and irresponsibility, he has during the past twenty years devoted himself to the service of Rhodes' ideas. Slowly but surely the manifestation of a character so finely loyal is beginning to make itself felt, and to cause many to doubt whether they had not perhaps too hastily condemned as a mere Raider, one whose claim to greatness becomes daily more convincing.

Despite some divergence of interests between the Britisher at home, and the Britisher in our dependencies, the daily trend of circumstance serves to create a more definite consciousness of our common Imperial citizenship. Naturally generous-hearted, we are ever anxious to do homage to those whose work in any portion of our Empire deserves recognition. Too often, however, it happens that, either through stress of our own lives, or through lack of organized information, we fail to appreciate in their lifetime those whom otherwise we would have hastened to honour. The object of this sketch, therefore, is to supply the too little known records of Jameson's life.

These are not so complete as the writer could have wished, and Jameson's habitual modesty and silence have added considerably to the diffi-

culty of their compilation. To keep a diary, to write an unnecessary letter, or even an unnecessary word in a letter, has always been essentially foreign to his temperament. Moreover, as many of his expeditions were undertaken alone, or at most with one or two others, some of whom have since died, much interesting material has been lost, or still lies buried in his memory.

Incessantly as he pioneered from 1890 to 1896—he was for days naked in a boat; for weeks tentless and almost provisionless under persistent rains—he had not, like Rhodes, any primitive passion for vast expanses, for veld experiences under stars and sky. Nor were his adventures undertaken for adventure's sake, but they were simply unavoidable obstacles to his plans, and, as such, when once overcome, were not considered worthy of remembrance. Absorbed in the fresh difficulties that daily confronted him, he counted as nothing that which he had accomplished.

However incomplete this tale of his doings, its compilation has been full of fascination. Jameson possesses to the full that magnetic personality and capacity for leadership which is a gift of the gods, and which, like genius, inevitably gives power to its possessor, whatever may be his

duties or profession. Thus dowered, it was impossible for him to escape from the control over men and events which it placed in his hands. But his power has ever been instinct with human sympathy. A lightning reader of character, he is by nature a cynic, whose innate kindliness of heart has always proved stronger than his cynicism.

Natives, school-boys, and men living primitive lives, have a subtle gift for nicknames that symbolize for ever some dominant feature in the character of the person to whom they are applied. So appropriate are they that it is often difficult to decide whether the nickname creates the man, or the man the nickname. Be this as it may, "Doctor Jim" was an inspiration of the diamond-diggers of early Kimberley, whose note of endearment and confidence has never been belied. There is something almost mysterious in a man who could sway the wills of giants so masterful as Rhodes and Lobengula, and could command the devotion of all sorts and conditions of men from Cape Town to the Zambesi. But this power to charm and persuade was always the instrument of a deadly earnestness. Whether as professional man, as pioneer, as adventurer, as administrator, as revolutionist, or as Prime Minister of the most difficult

dependency in the Empire, he was, and is, at all times thorough. In the strength of this combination of instinctive kindliness and unquenchable purpose he has made history in the past, and is to-day a greater power in the land than before. He illustrates the truth of the saying: "To be what we are, and to become what we are capable of becoming, is the only end of life."

How to make such an one live, move and have his being through the medium of the printed page; how, amid the narrative of circumstance and incident to convey the living personality—the influence of glance, voice or gesture—must be at once the aim and the despair of every writer. Emphatically a man of action, the record of Jameson's doings can alone give an insight into his many-sided nature. But the story is the thing; for therein he must reveal himself, however much the teller may halt in the telling.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTORY.

“ He who belongs to me must be strong of bone and swift of foot, eager for fight and for feast ; no sulker ; no John o’ Dreams ; as ready for the bended task as for a feast.”

THE purpose of this opening chapter is to give a general sketch of the more salient features of Jameson’s character, and of the circumstances that formed the background of his career. It is no easy task to adequately portray, even in outline, this leader of men, so slight in physique, so great in spirit and energy. Behind the simple directness of his manner lie diverse abilities, and a nature so self-contained that it too frequently defies representation. With this heritage of possibilities it was his singular good fortune, when quite a young man, to fall under the influence of Rhodes, whom he always speaks of as the “ master mind.” Rhodes gave to the talented young surgeon the priceless gift of vision, of vistas of action so pregnant with high national purpose, that eventually they diverted Jameson’s ambition from his medical

profession to the sphere of administrative and political effort. During the years that Rhodes was preventing Kruger from blocking the road to the north, and was laying the foundation of his political power in Cape Colony, he was also inspiring Jameson with the same enthusiasm and outlook as himself; and eventually both agreed to sacrifice the best of their brain and effort to the wizardry of South African problems.

If Rhodes was supreme in the world of ideas, Jameson, working through conviction and loyalty, was to prove himself as great in the sphere of action and executive command. The former was an initiator—an empire-architect, who foresaw great territorial alterations, and by sheer force of character and statesmanship compelled the fulfilment of much that he had planned. This was his field, sacred to his peculiar political genius. The latter, absorbed in his own medical work, remained at first a sympathetic observer of his friend's efforts, but eventually, after some ten years of intimate companionship, threw over his medical profession, and voluntarily undertook the leadership of pioneer enterprises for which he had received neither physical nor mental training.

The influence of Rhodes upon Jameson is mani-

fest, but what part the latter played in the making of Rhodes is mainly surmise.

Shortly after his arrival in Kimberley he attended Rhodes professionally, and doubtless his quickness of grasp and insight impressed themselves forcibly upon his patient. He brought with him, moreover, an acquaintance with books, systems and up-to-date research that had been denied to Rhodes, whose practical Colonial work had given him but scant time for reading.

Little, indeed, is known of Rhodes' early pre-Oxford mental evolution. In 1872, as a mere lad under twenty, he trudged from his plantation in Natal, to the newly-discovered diamond diggings in Kimberley. Here he gradually came to the front. On the one side he was shrewd, with a marked aptitude for business ; on the other contemplative, visionary and aloof. Fortunately, the necessity for holding his own with the sharp-witted money-makers around him ever drove him into constant practical activity. But unsatisfied with mere business successes, his vast, brooding imagination never slept, and under the quickening influence of the racial struggle in the sub-continent he soon found scope for action. Intensely zealous for British supremacy, the events after Majuba aroused in him

an acute sense of danger, and stimulated to definite action the ideas that were seething within him. As his nation's champion he stepped forth into the arena of South African racial and political strife. Pitting himself against the schemes of Kruger, Bismarck and a host of other opponents, he set himself to secure the much-sought-after Hinterland, that was so essential to British suzerainty in South Africa; and to the safety of her important naval station of Simonstown, in Cape Colony. His unceasing endeavour was to safeguard British interests and to promote the unity and prosperity of South Africa for its own sake, and for the sake of the Empire.

It was a struggle between Titans, and only by hairbreadth margins did Rhodes succeed in defeating his foreign rivals in their attempts to gain a footing in what is now Rhodesia. The years between 1882 and 1889 were desperately critical to Great Britain's trade and political interests in the sub-continent. They witnessed the aggressive attempts of Kruger to extend the western boundaries of the Transvaal, by supporting the Dutch freebooters who attempted to establish Republics in Stellaland and in the land of Goshen, both within the British sphere. They saw Bismarck's success in

acquiring important territories in South-west Africa, and his all but successful coup to secure the important port of Walfish Bay; while both to his and to Kruger's mind was present a scheme for joining hands and creating a German-Boer dominion that would effectually secure the whole Northern Hinterland for themselves. Finally, Portugal, Germany, and Kruger were all competing to get some concession from Lobengula, the paramount chief over the vast and wealthy territories that extended even to the Zambesi. A strong man was needed to confront this situation—one who, armed with wealth, political power and local knowledge, would fight tooth and nail for British interests on South African soil.

Such an one was Rhodes, who, vigilant and aware of all the dangers that threatened his nation both from within and without, had, long before the amalgamation of De Beers, dedicated his money, time and energy to this purpose. The iron had entered into his soul because of the humiliated position of the Britisher and loyal Afrikander,* and because of the indifference of the Home

* *Afrikander*. A Cape Dutch word, originally used to imply an African native, then a half-caste, then a South African white of Dutch speech and sympathies, then any South African born of white parents; and now it is applied to the Dutch themselves—they are the Afrikander nation.

Government to the importance of that Hinterland which other nations were lusting and afoot to possess.

Before the end of 1889 he had greatly achieved. Working hand in hand with Sir Hercules Robinson, he had broken up the Dutch raiding Republics and annexed them to Cape Colony, thus thwarting both Kruger and Bismarck. He had sent Moffat posthaste to Lobengula and obtained a treaty, giving pre-emptive rights over Matabeleland to Great Britain. He had secured for himself a concession from Lobengula, and had been granted a Royal Charter for the Company formed to exploit territories of unknown wealth and extent. He had, moreover, buttressed his success by winning over the Bond and Dutch in the Cape to support him in his plans for the development of the North. Finally, he had aroused a passionate loyalty to himself and to his work in Jameson, who was pre-eminently suited by natural temperament and ability to further carry out those Imperial aims on which his larger purpose was bent.

These were, first, the successful political and commercial occupation of the future Rhodesia, which Rhodes hoped would become a great self-governing dependency, offering an assured market to British goods, and prosperous, happy homes

to the overcrowded inhabitants of these isles. Secondly, he wished to amalgamate the various South African states, and to bring about a political and commercial federation that would sweep away artificial boundaries and unnecessary rivalry in railways and other matters. Recognizing the geographical unity of South Africa, and the solidarity of her problems, he believed that under a British-colonial administration Briton and Boer could unite in developing the rich resources of their land. But even these two projects were not ends in themselves, but merely steps, as it were, for a still more complete political and commercial unification of the Empire. He considered that in the world's exchange of products, every advantage should be given to those of the same blood and nationality. With a supreme faith in the efficiency of the Anglo-Saxon race, he desired the re-incorporation of America with ourselves as a guarantee for universal peace and prosperity. To use his own words : " No cannon would then be fired in either hemisphere but by permission of the English race." His historic imagination in this respect was intensely alive, and stimulated his desire to realize for Greater Britain the practical advantages of Empire.

These were no ready-made ideas or formulas, but were gradually acquired convictions, the result of many years' struggle between his imagination and the changing circumstances of his surroundings.

In 1878, during the germination and early period of Rhodes' evolution, Jameson arrived in Kimberley. The professional acquaintance between the big-limbed, dreamy, successful diamond digger, and the dapper young surgeon, with his alternations of earnestness and badinage, his quick movements and quicker mental perceptions, soon ripened into close companionship. The two had many points in common. Rhodes was a seventh and Jameson an eleventh child, and both had been subjected in boyhood to the virilizing atmosphere and control of elder brothers. To this may possibly be due their observance of a casual and matter-of-fact manner towards each other. It seemed almost a point of honour between them never under any circumstances, however thrilling, to waste any mere emotional expression. Both had had to depend upon themselves and their abilities for the bare means of existence. Both were free from those minor enthusiasms for games and sport which so frequently dissipate the energies of the sons of educated

men. In a sense, both were quixotic, but also very practical and business-like. Both, although impatient of small issues, were intensely dogged, and would reckon no measure too trivial or useless if necessary to success.

Without any pose or affectation, each had mannerisms of speech and manner which were the natural expressions of their respective individualities. In the heat of argument Rhodes' voice would rise to falsetto; while Jameson, in a way peculiarly his own, would enforce speech by gesture. For instance, if arguing that a certain idea lay at the back of people's heads, he would throw himself forward and impetuously strike the back of his own head to emphasize the point. By temperament, circumstances, and the nature of their work, neither married, though each in his own way has done great altruistic service for his country, and for the generations that are to come.

Although alike in these respects, the nature of their relationship to their fellow-men was different. Jameson possessed a natural as well as a trained power of observation, while Rhodes was comparatively unobservant of the individualities of the men and women with whom he came in immediate contact. Naturally rather shy and

isolated in habits and mind, Rhodes was very much devoted to those who worked for him, but was also somewhat inclined to regard people mechanically in connection with the circumstances of his work, and thus to a certain extent separated himself from their minor and personal interests. It was not that he lacked sympathy or understanding, but that his thoughts and work were on so large and impersonal a scale, that they thrust into the background his really neighbourly and friendly attitude.

Jameson was more easily accessible. In some subtle way he attracted all sorts and conditions of men to himself, and seemed to inspire them with an instantaneous trust and intimacy. Without exactly telling them he did so, he interested himself in their personalities, understood their limitations, and sympathized with their fate. A recent writer thus describes him :

“ He was the most striking personality I met in South Africa. His manner is irresistible—easy, courteous, and genial ; and he has a way, when talking, of including every one present in the conversation, and giving them the impression that somehow they are contributing an important share. Other people impressed by their ability, their

‘gift of the gab,’ their charm of manner, but none possessed to such a degree the power of making themselves felt.”

Just as some men possess strange powers over animals, so here and there is one who seems to have the same unusual influence over his fellows. Such men have been wont to regard the multitude as necessary material for the operation of genius ; but Jameson is alive to every throb of individuality, to every form of aspiration. His is that large pity and help which real strength always gives to weakness.

Like other leaders of men, his methods are peculiarly his own. Somewhat brusque and daring in speech, he is ever ready to seize upon opportunities for playful *moquerie* that sometimes half flatters, but never hurts. Quick as thought he will hit off a man’s weak point, and in the same breath laughingly and kindly esteem him for it. In a flash he tempers criticism with a big-hearted, cheery tolerance, and is always ready to attribute “the very best of intentions” to those with whom he radically differs in opinion.

But perhaps the strongest bond between Rhodes and Jameson in their early days was the latter’s keenness and clear grasp of contemporary poli-

tical events. Hard-worked as he had been in London, he had stepped into even harder professional work in Kimberley, and his modest stud of two hardy veld horses had soon to be increased by another pair and a pony. Despite, however, this strain, mental and physical, and his genuine love for his profession, he was ever an avid student of affairs. From books, from events, and the daily burning discussions of the club and the market-place, he began to learn South African history. Although brought up as a boy in a Radical, doctrinaire atmosphere, and for a long time an admirer of Gladstone, he shared to the full the sense of personal humiliation which that statesman inflicted upon all loyal South African colonists. He had yet, however, to learn that ignorance, indifference and the subordination of Imperial interests to British party budgets, were not the monopoly of the Liberal party alone, but that for the next twelve or fourteen years the one certain feature of home-made Downing Street policy was to be its uncertainty.

Rhodes, however, was his real educator—the source of his political knowledge and historical outlook. Under his influence Jameson learnt to think Imperially, and to realize that one great

object in acquiring new territory was to secure fresh markets. Moreover, not only did he gain an insight into the larger significance of current political events, but the whole circumstances of South African history, past and present, were framed for him in the setting of his friend's ideas. He mastered the whole chess-board of South African politics. The significance of the various situations, the strength of the various personalities, their probable moves and counter-moves, were all clear to his view. The opinions and convictions he thus formed were based upon exceptional opportunities for studying history in the making. His position was a very enviable one, and perhaps the most interesting and irresponsible of all his many experiences. Knowing intimately Rhodes' motives and methods, he sat, as it were, behind the scenes, and watched him moulding events to his will and idea.

He was able to compare the knowledgeable and persuasive policy of Rhodes in breaking up the raiding Republics with the expensive and doctrinaire militarism of Sir Charles Warren's intentions. This, and Lanyon's tactlessness in the Transvaal, made Jameson for many years very nervous of the methods of home-appointed military

officers, especially when acting as political agents. He could estimate exactly the value of Rhodes' desperate haste in sending Moffat to Lobengula, and its effect in forestalling the designs of other rivals. With a full knowledge of Rhodes' diplomacy in tempting the Bond party to withhold any support to Kruger's schemes for blocking the trade routes to the North, no one knew better how genuine was the former's regard for the Cape Dutch and his desire to make both races equally prosperous and happy.

None, moreover, knew better how much Rhodes had been hampered by Downing Street, and how much he had been helped by the independent support of the High Commissioner, Sir Hercules Robinson. By their united efforts, these two had, during this period, not only to a large extent restored British prestige, but despite the indifference, or worse, of their own Government, had won, hands down, in an International struggle for territory of the utmost importance. They had, of course, been subjected to the usual Ministerial vacillations at home. In 1861, Sir George Grey complained that within five years of his administration there had been seven Colonial Ministers; each of whom held different views upon some important points of policy in connection with South Africa. Although

Rhodes and Sir Hercules were not put to this strain, they had to carry out their work under the inevitable cloud of uncertainty. Support given one moment was withdrawn the next. Under one Minister it was a policy of "drift;" under another, one of fussy interference. Fortunately, these two men had to a certain extent taken the direction of affairs into their own hands—they knew exactly what they wanted, and fought steadily side by side to obtain it.

Ever since the recession of the Transvaal after Majuba, South Africa has been divided into three camps—that of the violent anti-British, anti-progressive Dutchmen, under Kruger; that of the militant Britisher, who strove for political supremacy in the interests of progress and federation, under Rhodes and Jameson; and, lastly, the camp of diplomatic Afrikanerists, under Mr. Hofmeyr. These last aimed at the political ascendancy of the Dutch and the development of the country primarily in the interests of Dutch South Africans who were willing to remain British subjects in order to reap the advantage of their Empire's naval strength and protection.

Uneducated, but trained in all the cunning of Kaffir statecraft, Kruger's outlook was really con-

fined to the Transvaal. Outside his racialism, he had no policy for South Africa as a whole, and steadily refused to co-operate with Rhodes or any one else in furthering any combined action amongst the South African States. In his dread lest the Dutch nationality should be swamped by the inflowing tide of Britishers he represented the common fear of all Dutchmen ; but he appealed to those extremists whose race passion was founded in ignorance and a limited tribal idea of patriotism. For the moment circumstances favoured his policy, but to-day Krugerism is almost extinct.

Rhodes' policy, on the other hand, suffered from an excess of those qualities that Kruger lacked. It was too definitely comprehensive and statesman-like, too definitely patriotic and Imperial, for the unimaginative and ill-informed party politicians in England ; and without the whole-hearted support of his nation his schemes for South African federation in the interests of Briton and Boer alike could never succeed. This he never received. During all the strenuous years of struggle between Kruger and Rhodes, Mr. Hofmeyr, who is one of the most remarkable men in South Africa, adopted a waiting and highly diplomatic course. Most cleverly he managed at one and the same time

to make both Rhodes and Kruger imagine that each possessed his sympathy and support. He is a past master in the art of elusiveness, and his generalship of the policy of the Bond is exceedingly clever. But whatever his methods, his aims are worthy. He represents the passionate love of Dutchmen and Afrikanders for South Africa, and their legitimate patriotic desire to administer the sub-continent in their interests and in those of their Afrikander children. Hofmeyrism reigns triumphant to-day and has come to stay.

During the early and critical years of the Rhodes-Kruger duel Jameson watched, as it were, the whole struggle from start to finish, the dangers that had been averted, and the touch-and-go situations that had been saved.

Because of a curious fatalist trait in Jameson's strenuous temperament, Rhodes' success had made a deep impression on his mental attitude. It justified the latter's policy of expediency, demonstrated the influence of individual will and character in the making of history, fired Jameson's sense of nationality, and stirred in him the wish to take a part in Rhodes' work and plans.

In many respects both Rhodes and Jameson were

under the same educative training, and by 1889 both had learnt to look at the British situation in South Africa from the Boer view of that period, and both had realized how difficult it was for the very ignorant racial average Boer to understand the vacillations of Imperial policy in South Africa. It was because of these vacillations, and because the Boer was so supremely ignorant of British history, or any history but that of South Africa, that the status of the Britisher in that country was so very different to that which he occupied in Europe. There, he represented a nation that had ever pursued a spirited policy, had fearlessly grappled with difficult situations, and by grim, invincible purpose had stormed victory, even in the face of desperate odds. For this reason the Britisher could justly carry his head high, and, if it so pleased him, exult in insularity to the exclusion of companionableness. The majority of Boers, however, especially twenty years ago, knew but little of British history and cared less. Waterloo* and Trafalgar—Wellington and Nelson—even if the names were known to them, were devoid of

* A friend of the writer's was once telling a Boer what the English had done at Waterloo. "Yes," said the Boer; "but I am talking of the great battle of Boomplaats, in the Transvaal, where my late father-in-law lost fourteen oxen and ten sheep."

any significance whatever. In the early days of Rhodes and Jameson they judged Great Britain solely from her records in South Africa, a country to them the alpha and omega of creation. Loving their land passionately, it passed their imagination to understand why a great nation claiming Suzerain rights should refrain from utterly destroying those who both secretly and openly strove to possess it for themselves. Like the natives, the Boers respected any obvious manifestation of strength, but regarded the abstract propositions of a higher humanitarianism as strange forms of weakness for which they had a feeling akin to contempt. However kindly their feelings towards the individual Britisher, they regarded the latter as the representative of a nation ever uncertain and greedy in peace, ever capricious and inefficient in war; a nation that under the guise of philanthropy had liberated their slaves and had not seen to it that the owners were compensated; that had sent forth commercialized hordes to dog the footsteps of the hardy Boer trekker, to inhabit where he had fought, to reap where he had sown. Under these circumstances South Africa has been the one place on this planet where, owing to the persistent backing and

filling of Great Britain's policy, the Britisher and loyal colonist have had to hang their heads and eat the bitter bread of humiliation.

Deep in Rhodes' and Jameson's hearts was the desire to regain for their fellow-countrymen that pride of race which elsewhere was their heritage, and to demonstrate to the contemptuous Boer the possibility of carrying through a high-spirited policy with tenacity and success. Both were profoundly sensible of the unnecessary humiliation to which their fellow-colonists had been subjected, and of a call to restore to them their place and power.

In their likeness, as well as in their unlikeness, the two men were complementary the one to the other. Rhodes had found an intellect; a temperament and a capacity for disinterested service that responded to his views; and between the years 1880 and 1889 the friendship had grown on his side into a perfect confidence and trust, while with Jameson it had become a source of quiet but deep-seated enthusiasm. This friendship, born of mysterious sympathy, devoid of sentiment, unexpressed and inexpressible, instinct with certainty and strength, was in reality a silent, unwritten partnership which was to alter the map of South Africa,

and to add a great possession to our Empire. More immediately it resulted in Jameson, when opportunity offered, volunteering to take upon himself the burden of carrying out Rhodes' plans and attempting to translate his ideas into facts.

Once having set his hand to the plough, he never turned back; he served Rhodes with a loyalty that was almost in excess; a loyalty that subordinated every personal ambition and interest, that scorned danger or discomfort, that welcomed every responsibility and undertaking, however forlorn; that spared no energy of brain or body, that even in the blackest moment of trial neither knew nor tolerated defeat. Intensely human himself, he brought to his work methods akin to genius in the handling of men and situations; and eventually all sorts and conditions of men have come to recognize the sway of his fascinating personality, of his too persuasive, too persistent will.

Fame is divinely unjust to individuals. History has no place for the average successes of average men, but reserves her pages for the excesses and failures—for the triumphs or defeats of those Overmen who compel events into larger and unexpected channels, and bring about *dénouements* that startle the complacent and unexpectant world. Jameson

has stamped his name upon the Empire's records, not only because of his ability or excess of loyalty, but also by reason of a special quality of leadership, and by his temperamental aptitude for deliberately preferring the risk. Among the makers of history in South Africa during the past twenty years—Presidents, High Commissioners, statesmen, warriors and politicians—he stands conspicuous and apart. Not even Rhodes can dwarf his individuality. In the slight, compact figure, unconscious pose, inscrutable but quite ordinary thoughtful expression, there is no indication of desperate adventures heroically adventured, of forlorn hopes triumphantly assailed, of great victories and catastrophic defeats impassively accepted, of wealth, power and recognition unconcernedly set aside, of the fiery vehemence of speech that ever belied an unusual kindness in action and thought. Unselfish for himself, but selfish for the fulfilment of Rhodes' ideas, loyal to his friends, but utilizing them for his work, at once sympathetic and ruthless, at once personal and impersonal, he has always been more loved than feared, and thus has attained a position that distinguishes him from other men.

His career divides itself into three periods, and

the different qualities displayed in each have a curious hereditary significance. During the first, which lasted till he was thirty-five years old, he was an eminently successful physician, interested in his profession, a popular and unobtrusive citizen, a mere observer of public events. Overworked in London, he had, in 1878, relinquished his house surgeonship of University College Hospital to take up a partnership in Kimberley.

Here he quickly took the lead in his profession and created for himself a very definite popularity, especially amongst the cosmopolitan digger communities, until in 1889 he volunteered to go to Bulawayo on a dangerous and important mission for Rhodes.

Backed up by Mr. Beit and Jameson, Rhodes had held on grimly to the clause in the Diamond Mines Amalgamation agreement, which enabled De Beers to help to finance and to share in the development of the Chartered Company's territory. This accomplished, Rhodes had to recruit and arrange for a pioneer expedition on a very big scale, and, above all, he had to obtain from Lobengula permission to enter the conceded territories. During this time he and Jameson shared a small iron-roofed cottage, and together at early dawn would ride through the

waggon-packed market-place, redolent of cattle, natives and merchandise—away into the wind-swept veld, their thoughts ever northward, and their talk ever of the great scheme of occupation which hovered, as it were, on the brink of actuality. Small wonder is it, therefore, that Jameson felt irresistibly impelled to this mysterious, adventurous north ; that in the grip of a glowing enthusiasm his pulses beat high, his whole being surged for action—and he became a brand ready for the burning.

Up to the late autumn of 1889, no serious hitch had occurred, and the sky was blue, when suddenly one afternoon Rhodes received a telegram from his agent at Bulawayo to the effect that his life had been threatened, and that he had fled to Palpapye, killing two horses under him. This was a serious blow to Rhodes' prestige with Lobengula, and threatened the whole future of the Chartered Company. From the Club he went to his house opposite, and, as was his wont when troubled, began walking up and down the verandah. Presently Jameson came along ; Rhodes handed him the telegram in silence. Jameson asked one or two questions, and then said, " I will go, and take ——— back with me." Rhodes said, " But when can you start ? " Jameson replied, " By

the post-cart to-morrow morning at four." He went.

The brilliance of Rhodes' lucky star had now revealed itself. In Sir Hercules Robinson he had found a statesman of ripened colonial experience, who perhaps more than any other official in the Empire was qualified both by temperament and education to tutor his rising genius, to further his political policy at the Cape, and to effectively sympathize in his large ambitions in the north. The calm official wisdom, the clear view, and unfailing support of this imperial-minded High Commissioner had been of incalculable help in securing the dominancy of Cape Colony and building the foundations of his plans. In Jameson speeding northwards Rhodes had placed at his service a fiery energy, an intrepid pertinacity, together with a subtle strength for leading the strong. A combination of qualities rare indeed, but essential for confronting a brutal barbarism, for controlling scarcely controllable adventurers, and for implanting civilization on the vast and untameable veld. With the support of Sir Hercules, Rhodes had checked Kruger; while with the onslaught of Jameson, he was to overthrow Lobengula and his sanguinary militarism. Two such psychological

friendships come but seldom to the sons of men, and without them Rhodes' genius might have been doomed to sterility.

From this time Jameson definitely abandoned his profession and entered into the second period of his career, which lasted till 1896. This included two risky expeditions to Lobengula ; his march into Mashonaland, and occupation of the country ; his exploring trip to discover a route to Beira ; his journey to Gungunhama, the paramount chief of Gazaland ; his capture by the Portuguese ; his two years' official administratorship of the occupied territories ; his civilian-military victories over the Matabele ; his efforts as a revolutionist ; the Raid in December, 1895 ; his trial and subsequent imprisonment in Holloway. Unfitted as he was by his previous training for experience of this sort, his immediate adaptation to a pioneer life may possibly have been due to the Norse blood that flowed in his veins. The hardships and adventures that confronted him seemed, as it were, the very breath of his nostrils. The Viking spirit that lurked in his temperament was aroused, and a new aspect of the man revealed itself. Instinctively he became the recognized leader of those adventurous Elizabethan spirits who made themselves

masters of the vast Hinterland—who overthrew the ferocious Matabele—who madly, desperately hurled themselves against Kruger and his Boers.—He pioneered these important territories in the spirit of Drake, and administered them in the spirit of Clive. He stood for law and order amidst scattered communities with inadequate machinery for their control. Cut off from communication with the outer world, he was, as chief magistrate, their ruler and judge, with the issue of life and death in his hands. He had to take upon himself the duties of trained officialdom, to create a civil service, to organize departments, and under exceptional difficulties to endeavour to obtain a balance between revenue and expenditure. Yet more, as Rhodes' representative, and, so to say, father of the people, he had to minimize difficulties, to inspire the faint-hearted with energy, to encourage the renewed efforts of those whose brave endeavours had been defeated by sickness or circumstances ; to give sympathetic access to everyone, and to assist the worthy and unworthy alike in every possible way.

It is not, however, the purpose of this chapter to enter further upon the incidents and adventures of these years. During this period South Africa was the centre of international jealousies and racial

distrust ; and in the midst of these turbulent forces Jameson was himself a leading turbulent factor. His loyal, fiery spirit drove him into conflict with the various personalities and situations that lay in the path of Rhodes' plans, and up to the Raid nothing had withstood the spell of his persuasiveness or the force of his attack.

His energy was marvellous, and the bare records of his journeyings amazing. Space in South Africa remorselessly consumes the time and vital energy of those who seek to encompass it. The expanses of the veld are heart-breaking, and a light Cape cart, with six mules, can at best not exceed an average of forty miles a day. Between 1889 and 1895 Jameson travelled hundreds of miles on foot, thousands on horseback, and many thousands in Cape carts. In journeyings, in hardships and imprisonments, and in the romance of his adventurous leadership he ranks with the famous administrators of British and French history.

The vicissitudes of his fortune during this period are extraordinary. In 1888 a physician in Kimberley ; in 1891 the administrator of a territory almost as vast as Europe. Created an induna of his crack regiment by Lobengula in 1889, he was in 1892 the leader of the force that destroyed that

chief's power and army. In 1891, Colonel Ferreira, a Dutch trekker, was his prisoner at Tuli; in January, 1896, Jameson was under the Colonel's escort as prisoner to Pretoria. In January, 1895, the principal personage and speaker at the Imperial Institute, with His Royal Highness the then Prince of Wales in the chair, he was in the autumn of the following year condemned in our British courts for an act of raiding that is almost unprecedented in our annals. Without flinching he bore the whole burden of his disaster and responsibility. Behind a mask of inscrutable silence and dignity, he received his sentence of imprisonment, entered the walls of his prison, and thus ended the second period of his career.

Released at the end of 1896 on account of ill-health, he immediately entered a nursing home, and his sickness was well-nigh unto death. Thanks, however, to his constitution and to the skill and care of those who tended and nursed him, he gradually got better, and spent much of the time between 1897 and 1899 in recuperation, in rest and leisured travelling upon the Continent. On the outbreak, however, of the Boer War at the end of 1899, he went to Ladysmith, and after the raising of the siege returned to Rhodes at Cape Town.

The incident of the Raid had in no way affected the friendship between them. Rhodes' confidence had not been shaken, nor had Jameson's loyalty abated. When Rhodes' house in Cape Town was burnt down in 1897, the messenger told him he had bad news. "What is it?" he was asked. "Groote Schuur has been burnt down," was the reply. "Thank God," said Rhodes; "is that all? I was afraid you were going to tell me Jameson was dead."

So far from being dead, Jameson's active mind and fighting spirit had for some time previously been chafing under idleness, and while staying with Rhodes in 1900, after his return from Ladysmith, he definitely determined to enter Cape political life. Neither he nor Rhodes had been turned aside from their Imperial purposes by the fire of criticism and disapproval through which they had passed after the Raid; but the conditions had changed, and the nature of their work was different. Their task of expansion and consolidation was accomplished. Rhodesia was an integral part of the Empire under Imperial supervision, while Kruger and his Boers had risked and lost everything in a hand-to-hand struggle with the suzerain power. At the Cape the Bond

party were active in organization, well off for funds, and practically controlling the political situation. But the almost certain creation of the two Republics of the Orange Free State and Transvaal into colonies after the War gave fresh stimulus to Rhodes' scheme for federation; and he set to work to organize the British or Progressive party at the Cape, in order that the eldest colony might be able to take a lead in the matter. This was the meaning of his utterance in 1901, "that his political life was only just beginning."

Despite the strong feeling against him on account of the Raid, Jameson resolved to share in this work, and was returned as a member for Kimberley in 1900. With unswerving patience he bore the bitter and unceasing vituperation of his enemies and the cold, half-averted glances of his friends; and for several sessions neither spoke nor took an active part in public business. Gradually, however, by the exercise of control and tact he lived down the sharp edge of suspicion, and made his influence felt. Eventually, after the death of Rhodes, and after much hesitation on the part of many, he was elected leader of the Progressive party.

With all his old fighting thoroughness he championed his party to the polls at the general election

of 1904, and achieved the almost impossible by securing a victory over the Bond, and became Premier of Cape Colony. After years of contumely and abuse, power was once again in his hands, and friend and foe were alike expectant as to the manner in which he would exercise it. But great as he had been in his pioneer days, he had in the dark hours of disaster learnt to temper his fiery zeal with the more statesmanlike quality of patient waiting upon opportunity, and he more than justified the confidence that had been placed in him.

Confronting the Dutch with firmness, he lost no opportunity of showing them a consideration and tact that has won from them both respect and regard. Under his leadership racial feeling throughout the Colony lost much of its bitterness, and the relations between the two parties in the House were less strained and more companionable than for many years past. His main object was in every way possible to develop the resources of the Colony in "the best interests of both races"; and despite the fact that his term of office was one of unexampled financial stress and retrenchment, the country was enabled to slowly replenish its stock, to irrigate its soil, and thus recover from the effects of the War.

Such is the man—first in peace, first in war—and esteemed in the hearts of all who know him, who for the last four years exercised his power as Prime Minister at the Cape in the interests alike of the Briton and of the Boer, and for the furtherance of a true South African national policy; and who to-day as leader of the Opposition still pursues the same purposes.

As we become more beset by commercial aims and sordid desires, it seems a pity to pass by unheeded one so knightly in spirit and in deed, whose rare disinterestedness and personality illumine the prevailing drabness of our average world.

In the following chapters we propose to fill in, as it were, the features of this rough portrait, to build up the man from his family history and boyhood's days, and to recount at more length the incidents of his life and adventures.

CHAPTER II.

THE EARLY YEARS OF JAMESON.

“ Our conscious years are but a moment in the history of the elements that build us.”

THERE is perhaps nothing more difficult to explain than differences of character in mankind—why some attain to power, whilst the many exist only to pass out of existence. For practical purposes the terms character, temperament and individuality are one and the same, and are used to express the control over circumstances exercised by an individual's brain and will power. The finer the brain, the stronger the will, and the more perfectly the two are co-ordinate, the greater is the character or individuality of the individual, and the wider the area of circumstances over which he operates. These qualities are, moreover, hereditary, and heredity to-day has a two-fold significance. It is applied, of course, to the observed characteristics, physical and mental, of known ancestors ; but it also includes those

infinitely more subtle factors of family, race, and environment which essentially contribute in the manufacture of a new individual. Such an one is the heir of all human achievements in the past, and represents a fresh combination of inherited memories. He is, in fact, a new form of brain and will power, confronting an environment slightly different to any that has preceded it. The character of a man cannot, therefore, be moulded by his circumstances, but must inevitably create for itself those that are necessary to its manifestation. The adage that "adventures are to the adventurous" is true because the timid have no quality within themselves wherewith to create the necessary adventurous surroundings. It is obvious that if the term heredity be confined to the few observed traits of immediate ancestry it cannot explain either the success or the failure of men. The more unusual a man's character or individuality, the more necessary it is to remember that, behind what is known of his forefathers, there lies a wide field of untraceable hereditary influences that must inevitably find expression through his achievements.

In common with a host of distinguished men,

the blood of mixed nationalities flows in Jameson's veins. Such mixtures often produce unexpected effects, and much that is unexpected in him can be traced to his intermingled Danish and Scotch ancestry. His ancestors were Norse people, living in the Shetland Isles, from whence his great-grandfather departed as a young man to seek his fortune in Leith. Here he found employment in a flourishing business, rose high in the estimation of his employer, married his daughter, and eventually became senior partner and sole proprietor of his father-in-law's business. His eldest son succeeded him, and married the daughter of a Danish merchant in London.

Jameson's father was the only son of this marriage. Of a literary, restless temperament, and a Writer to the Signet by profession, he devoted his energy and time to journalistic enterprises. His most abiding literary work was a dramatic poem called "Nimrod," which contains many passages of brilliance and power. A member of the Free Church of Scotland after the disruption in 1843, he was not averse to free-thinking debates, and revelled in all kinds of intellectual discussion. In politics he was a Liberal, with a natural gift for public speaking, a fervent

sympathizer with minor nationalities, a friend of Daniel O'Connell, and an enthusiastic admirer of Cobden.

In 1835 he married the daughter of a Major-General Pringle, of Symington, Midlothian, a well-known Scotch family. The issue of this marriage were ten sons, of whom Dr. Jim was the youngest, and one daughter. Mrs. Jameson appears to have been a religious-minded woman of a singularly unselfish nature. Possibly her vitality was inherited, for her eldest sister, whom the writer had the privilege of meeting when she was eighty-nine, was the most vigorous old lady he has ever seen. At that age her cheeks blossomed like roses, her hearing was perfect, and her movements were as active as those of a young woman of twenty. Her nephew, Dr. Jameson, singularly resembled her in appearance; the same hawk-like eyes, the same compact figure, erect even when the writer met her, the same quick step and rapid mental perceptions; and, if the stories of her were true, she possessed the same fearless, quixotic temperament. She had, in early years, been a close friend of Walter Scott, and her reminiscences of him as a man were most vivid and forcible.

Dr. Jim was born at No. 5, North Charlotte

Street, Edinburgh, on the 9th February, 1853. Five months later in the same year, Cecil Rhodes came into the world in a small house on the outskirts of a market town in Essex. Twenty-eight years later the two met, and within another ten years, both, driven by destiny, had entered into an informal but epoch-making partnership.

The baptism of their tenth son presented some difficulty to Jameson's parents, who by this time had exhausted the list of ordinary names, and were at their wits' end to know what to call him. An inspiration, however, seized his father to name him after a great American friend, a Mr. Leander Starr, with whom he kept up a constant correspondence. Accordingly our hero was launched into the world as Leander Starr Jameson, a somewhat unusual prefix—which fortunately has not handicapped him, but which was singularly inapplicable to his unpretentious disposition.

There are theorists who maintain that the aggressive qualities of parents are more likely to predominate in the elder than in the younger offspring, who, consequently, are more prone to display the quietest tendencies of their ancestry. Certainly in Jameson's elder brother, familiarly known throughout South Africa as "Bob," the

nomadic instincts of his Danish blood were strongly to the fore. A wanderer in many lands, of great physical strength and endurance, virile in speech and understanding, overmastering all and whosoever he might meet, he was a king of adventurers and pioneers, who could always hold his own under the most diverse circumstances.

Although the youngest of ten sons, Jameson's constitution and physique were good, and offered no hindrance to the splendid mental and moral heritage he had received. From his great-grandfather and his Danish grandmother came the primitive Norse impulses for daring and leadership. From his Scotch grandmother and from his mother he would inherit the earnestness of purpose, the power of application, the keen, practical shrewdness of their race, and with those qualities also a capacity for deep sentiment and passionate loyalty, a loyalty that in his case evinced itself, not for soil or locality, but for a man and his ideas. Moreover, his great-uncle on his father's side was a distinguished man of science and letters, who, in 1816, was Professor of Natural History in Edinburgh University, a Member of the Institute of France, the author of a book on mineralogy, and discoverer of an alloy called Jamesonite. From him his great-nephew

would collaterally receive a bias in the direction of science and literature.

In physical appearance Jameson is, in a way, remarkable. Of moderate height, about five feet eight, slim, erect, and compact in figure, with the quick, short step of an artist. Dark-brown hair and moustache, ruddy complexion, keen eyes that seem to see less than they do, firm jaw, firm chin and short nose. Tense in body, he is equally tense and steel-like in mind. But he is not always a strung bow; austerity is far from him. His natural inclination is for good-humoured laughter and fellowship, and he is at all times a most cheery and convivial companion, whose sense of humour is irrepressible. But these eminently desirable virtues he has ever subordinated to a sense of the great responsibilities he has deliberately undertaken. His appearance and manner are unintentionally deceptive. He is always more wide-awake than he appears, and grasps more in a second than many can puzzle out for themselves in the course of hours or days. There is about him an atmosphere of fresh-coloured simplicity very like the chubby guilelessness of Jowett. Widely different as was the field of their operation, both had in common a searching insight below the

surface of things—both were intuitively cynical, and yet in neither case was their cynicism malignant. Very few men or women are sufficiently foolish to waste their time in trying to take in Jameson ; while the failure of those who attempted to do so with Jowett is historical. Like the latter, Jameson has a peculiar power of retiring into himself. His very physical appearance seems to shrink as he sits motionless and contemplative ; but, like Jowett, he is ever ready to seize falcon-like upon occasion, and to inflexibly convert it to his purpose.

Jameson's father was somewhat nomadic, and consequently Dr. Jim's boyhood associations were as much English as Scotch. His father left Edinburgh to edit a paper at Stranraer when Dr. Jim was but two years old, and the grim, square granite masonry of Scotch streets, the bleak hills and grey exposed aspect of Scotch landscape, formed the scenic background of the first eight years of his life. From Stranraer the family migrated to Sudbury, in Suffolk, and finally, after various journalistic experiences, settled, in 1865, in London. From an early age, therefore, Dr. Jim's youthful memories are connected partly with the soft warmth and colouring of an

English market town, and its background of carefully-tilled countryside, its woody knolls and hazelled lanes ; and partly with the prosaic surroundings of a London suburb.

Under these circumstances his school education was of a somewhat haphazard and varied kind. At the age of eleven he went to the Grammar School at Sudbury for about a year and a half, then for a short time to the London Collegiate School, and after 1865 to Godolphin School in Hammersmith. Here he remained till he was nearly nineteen, when he entered University College Hospital as a student.

From a purely conventional point of view a scrappy education of this kind may seem wholly inadequate, but it must be remembered that to a very younger son his home possesses something of the disciplinary atmosphere of a school. He is not unduly fussed or petted, nor is he the subject of experiments in authority ; but receives from the ripened experience of his parents just that necessary amount of interest and attention that their somewhat divided sympathy can give. Moreover, to sit daily at the table of a journalist father of wide and varied information, who was ever willing to discuss his ideals, is in itself a fine

training in the art of thinking and expression. From his mother he would receive that orthodox Scotch religious instruction, whose metaphysical propositions are, in themselves, a course of reasoning and logic. From her also he would gain an insight into the romance of Scotch history and legend. Moreover, occasional letters from his adventurous brothers abroad would stimulate imagination and quicken that capacity for adventure which was for so many years to lie latent and unexpressed in his many-sided temperament. Nor were his brothers—high-spirited, intelligent, red-blooded and, perchance, rather rough young fellows—without their value. They brought actuality and brute incident into a domestic atmosphere dominated on the mother's side by religious faiths and unselfish devotion, and on the part of the father by a high and somewhat doctrinaire intellectuality.

Under these influences Dr. Jim grew up a practical, sensible, manly young fellow, thoughtful and well-balanced. Like most Scotch boys, he was old for his age, with deep Scotch sources of feeling and purpose. His school career, although uneventful, was quite a success. Good at games, he also distinguished himself at his work, and carried off many prizes. Immersed for the moment

in the matter in hand, he was not apparently over-keen in either work or play. Always ready to take part in any sport that was going, with his light, well-knit figure he was an excellent runner, especially at long distances. Often he and his brothers would run late at night on the Cromwell Road—with market gardens on either side instead of houses; and in the mile matches he, though youngest, was generally victorious.

No traces, however, are to be found in his boyish or school days of the impetuous energy that characterized his later years. Possibly he may have been dwarfed by his brothers, or possibly he was one of those who as boys develop slowly. Both his home and school experiences seem to have been quite ordinary and devoid of characteristic incident, nor does he appear to have given any sign of that capacity for leadership or persuasive power that illumines his life's work. In fact, he passed through his school career with singular unobtrusiveness. Free from any trace of introspection or self-consciousness, he took the facts of life simply and with great naturalness. While yet a boy, he realized that his prospects in the future depended on his own efforts, and from the moment he left school he never played a single game. The

only recreation he afterwards allowed himself was to join a London Volunteer corps, and for some time he was under the command of Sir Frederick Leighton. Fortunately, he did not waste any valuable impressionable years in the semi-scenic academic world of Oxford or Cambridge, but went straight, at the age of nineteen, to University College Hospital. He thus escaped having to adapt his growing individuality to the observance of those microscopic tyrannies of good form and public school conventions which dominate the social atmosphere of these historic universities. If the life at the University College was more prosaic, it was, at all events, more practical and square with actual issues; it gave him less to unlearn, and in every way more fitly prepared him for his future colonial experiences than Oxford or Cambridge could have done.

Just at the close of his school career, in 1871, he made a trip to Paris with one of his brothers. The Germans were then at St. Denis, and the Commune had not yet been proclaimed. It was the interesting intermediate period in which the city began to recover from the shock of the siege; when men's minds were overflowing with interesting details—for whose recital the recent bullet marks

and wrecked hotels always formed an appropriate text. Returning, he entered University College Hospital in 1872. He had no natural liking for the work, which was, in fact, at first quite distasteful to him. The quality of pity is rare to youth, but even as a boy it had been keenly alive in him. So sensitive indeed was he to the sight of pain, that after witnessing his first operation he was completely prostrate. For hours he lay utterly unnerved, unable to eat or even speak to anyone. However, in a spirit of practical determination, he overcame this sensitiveness, and devoted himself heart and soul to learning his profession. Doggedly painstaking, at the end of three years he closed his studentship with distinction. He won the gold medal for medical jurisprudence, and silver medals in surgery, medicine, pathology and anatomy. He also gained the following qualifications :—M.B. and B.S. London University, M.R.C.S. England, L.S.A. London.

His first professional experience was to go to America in charge of an Englishman who was a confirmed opium-eater. He completely cured his patient, and seems to have had a pleasant enough trip, and his reminiscences of the various cities he visited are perhaps more Bohemian than historical.

On his return to London he took up work at University Hospital. Here he rapidly rose to fame as a brilliant operator, and in 1876, at the age of twenty-three, was appointed resident medical officer. By this time he had become an enthusiast in his profession, and spared neither himself, his time, nor his health. The star of his fortune had arisen. He was the youngest of young house surgeons, and his youth, conspicuous ability, his brilliance and keenness in his work, and his non-professional personal sympathy with his patients made him a universal favourite. The professors and his fellow-surgeons regarded him with a favourable eye, and he enjoyed the warm personal friendship of such prominent men as Jenner, Erichson, Christopher Heath and Russell-Reynolds, who were then the representative men in the profession. His chief Gamaliel, however, was a Professor Grant, a man of advanced age, who had been a pupil of his great-uncle, the Professor of Natural History at Edinburgh. He seems to have been a man of mark, and, for those times, an advanced thinker. In this atmosphere of busy work and intellectual friendships Jameson ripened into the fullest powers of manhood. With his natural fine ethical character, and his clear, practical

reasoning, he early divorced himself from any theological or metaphysical leanings, and devoted his energy to the scientific study of his profession, and of the actual processes of human life.

In a sense he was too zealous and keen, and, before two years were out, he had strained his vitality almost to breaking-point; he was worked out, and on the verge of a nervous breakdown. About this time, in May, 1878, a Dr. Prince, from Kimberley, desired a partner, and wrote to the authorities at University College, leaving the selection to them. Reluctant as they were to lose Jameson, they offered him the post. He accepted it as a rest and change, with the full intention, after a few years of absence, to return with sufficient money to go through a course at Vienna, and finally set up for himself in London as a specialist. With his departure for South Africa the first stage of his career may be said to have closed.

In the flush of his success and enthusiasm for his profession he had developed those scientific and intellectual tendencies which were more directly traceable to his Scotch ancestry. But he had already given indications of the force and impulse within him to sway the hearts and wills of men, of a personality and a temperament greater

than mere professional skill or ability. His character, having expressed itself through success in a London hospital, had created wider possibilities in the Diamond City of South Africa, as an area wherein to manifest its further destiny and action.

CHAPTER III.

KIMBERLEY.

“Great men take themselves, and the world, too seriously to become what are called merely intellectual.”

THE incidents of Jameson's eleven years in Kimberley are not in themselves very exciting. The real interest of this period lies in his behaviour under the special circumstances of his new surroundings. To go straight from the routine of a London hospital to the rough makeshifts of a diggers' town; to leap suddenly to prominence in a cosmopolitan adventurer population of some sixty thousand souls; to find himself in a country whose history was being made with violence and bitterness; and above all, to come under the direct influence of such a personality as Rhodes, was no usual experience for a mere house surgeon some twenty-five years of age. Any little drawing-room weakness, or the mere suspicion of personal conceit, might easily have lost him the position he so quickly won for himself. But meanness or

pettiness in any form was foreign to his nature. His danger lay rather in a recklessness of over-strength, in an over-earnestness in the work in hand, which left no room for introspection or self-consciousness, and which clever banter could but scarce conceal. Kimberley was a hard school, wherein the weaker went to the wall. The soft in brain or moral fibre succumbed to excess in drink and gambling; whilst camp-fever, dysentery, typhoid mowed down the feebler constitutions.

In the opening chapter we explained at some length the part played by Rhodes, and by the march of historic events between 1878 and 1889, in educating Jameson's political ideas and ambitions. In the present we propose to consider the relation of his character to the local conditions of one of the most remarkable mining camps the world has known.

The discovery by a few diamond-seekers of the diamondiferous pipes or funnels near Kimberley changed the history of South Africa. But the prizes that fall to the individual prospector are few and far between. Staking his life against the fiercest obstacles of nature, he too often suffers a lonely and unrecorded death; or gambling against unknow-

able geological or chemical factors is overmastered by starvation and want. There is, however, probably no finer excitement than when, by a turn of the spade or stroke of the pick, the lucky digger becomes possessed of virgin treasures of gold or diamonds. In a moment he passes from long-deferred hope to an assured certainty. In one and the same breath he becomes an overlord of primitiveness, and the controller of wealth and luxury in the civilization of the world. For possibilities such as these thousands of adventurers from all parts of the world flocked in the early seventies to the diamond diggings on the Vaal River, and converted the lonely spaces of its veld into centres of frenzied energy and activity. More by good luck than by foresight, these early pioneers worked their way from the difficult alluvial workings on the banks of the river to the dry diggings twenty-five miles distant. Here were the pipes or funnels through which had been cast up the diamonds that had been manufactured in the bowels of the earth; and here for a few years was a rich harvest for the individual digger. It was a chance discovery, in 1871, of a stone in a well about a mile from De Beers camp that located the rich pipe round which the town of Kimberley was eventually established.

An eye-witness has published some quaint glimpses of these pre-Jameson days.

“De Beers,” he writes, “is rather an aristocratic camp; many gentlemen blessed with wives and families have encamped here, and made themselves comparatively comfortable, and the English element predominates pleasingly over the Dutch or Boer. Well-dressed gentlemen and well-dressed ladies, too, may be seen cantering over the veld on well-groomed horses; the tents are more like marquees.

“As to the appearance of the kopje at New Rush (Kimberley), during working hours no words of mine can give an adequate idea of the immense activity displayed. Most of the claims have been divided into halves and quarters; and every digger, being anxious to get through the ground as quickly as possible, puts up as many Kaffirs as he can get hold of, so that such a number of men, white and black, are congregated in this little space—all working with ceaseless energy—that the place is like a magnified ant-hill with a combination of bee-hive.

“The curious visitor to the Colesberg kopje will be frequently startled by a loud and gathering ‘Hurrah!’ or confused shout. He will see many

diggers running from their claims to a certain spot, on reaching which, he will probably find that a large diamond has just been 'turned up'; but even more frequently it will be a cart with a couple of mules or oxen which has tumbled into some claim. I saw a cart with two oxen topple over into a claim forty feet deep; a nigger was working at the bottom, and he yelled out lustily, but, fortunately for him, escaped."

Of doctors he writes: "The medical man on the Fields need not confine himself to the exercise of his profession. If he sorts on his claim, his tent should be pitched not very far from the latter, and he can have a particular flag flying on his claim with a notice to patients as follows: 'Apply at claim No. 10, marked by a red flag.'"

The writer has no admiration for the methods of the Boer diggers, whom he describes as "mean cusses," and goes on to say: "See him dig—well, you can hardly call it digging; the brutal old patriarch will sit at the sorting table all day with his pipe—*perhaps* allowing the *wrouw* to do likewise—while half-naked Kaffir boys (aye, and young girls, too), and his own children, from the long, pasty-faced, half-idiotic lout of twenty, down to the little four-year-old

who can scarcely toddle, are all toiling hard under the broiling sun, picking, shovelling, hauling, breaking, and sifting. One old couple I have often seen sitting solemnly at the table; long after all the English diggers had knocked off work for the day, while a young Kaffir girl, of most graceful figure, and a still younger Dutch girl, were toiling hard at a big sieve, evidently thoroughly tired out. Another, working quite near my claim, used to rouse my indignation, and that of many other Englishmen, too, by the amount of labour he got out of a most active little girl of about ten, and a poor little toddler of five, hardly able to lift the tools they worked with."

Kimberley was seven years old when Jameson arrived in 1878. Its irregular grouping of tents and canvas had disappeared, and much of its camp picturesqueness had given way to the more precise appearance of a permanent town. Brick and corrugated-iron buildings, churches, proper hotels, theatres, and even machinery, were in evidence. Regular streets had been laid out, and Carnarvon Hospital stood out conspicuously. This was capable of holding some two hundred and fifty European patients, besides having a large native ward. It was supported partly by a grant

from the Government, and partly by public contributions, and was administered by a Board, who also attempted to deal with the sanitation of the town and an inadequate and wretched water supply. A Lieutenant-Governor was in residence, and law and order were maintained by efficient police. The Illicit Diamond Act was in force, and the rough-handed justice of mob or Lynch law had disappeared. No longer could a man suspected of buying diamonds from the natives have his tent burnt to the ground, and afterwards, when found to be innocent, be made richer than before by the contributions of those who had misjudged him.

At first, there were thousands of diggers working their claims on the open workings of the Kimberley, De Beers and Du Toitspan mines. Their total finds aggregated to very large sums, and as much as £40,000 or £50,000 would be won in a week.

Owing, however, to the increasing depth of the claims, and to the difficulties arising from the falling reef, the efforts of the individual digger were very gradually replaced by the more organized operations of syndicates and companies. The law limiting each man to two claims became impracticable under the conditions of deep mining, and the process of buying out individual owners was

carried out so systematically that by 1885 there were eleven companies and only eight private holders in Kimberley mine; seven companies and three private holders in De Beers; twenty companies and twenty-one private holders in Du Toitspan; eight companies and twenty-four holders in Bulfontein.

Then came the period of greater consolidation, and the desperate opposition of Barnato and his group to Rhodes' and Beit's scheme for amalgamating all these companies into the present De Beers Consolidated Mines. These changes of ownership had so altered the numbers and nature of the population, that whereas in 1875 it was a sort of diggers' paradise, where luck and individual energy could make money in lumps, in 1890 there was scarcely a digger left. In fact, so industrialized has diamond mining become, that the Kimberley of to-day is almost a Sleepy Hollow, where speculation is dead and the majority of the population are employés of the Company.

In Jameson's early days, however, the digger element prevailed, for even those who had sold their claims remained to gamble in the shares of the endless companies and syndicates that were daily created. They were a

motley crowd of every nationality and profession—ex-soldiers, ex-sailors, sundowners from Australia, ranchers from Mexico, lumbermen from Canada, ex-clergymen, mathematical professors, clerks, farmers, and Boers. Despite a free sprinkling of cranks, wastrels and scoundrels, most of them were of the hardy adventurer type, rough but honest-intentioned diggers, bent on securing at one coup the fortune that had hitherto so successfully eluded them. Dogging their footsteps were an army of hawkers and diamond-buyers—razor-witted fellows, scenting bargains from afar. Then came the promoters and managers of syndicates—a class of themselves, some representing foreign money, and most of them men of education and character. They, together with the merchants and professional men, the Boers and produce dealers, formed the more permanent element in this shifting population of some eighty thousand Europeans. Intermingled with this cosmopolitan white community was an ever-increasing supply of black and coloured labour, Indian coolies, Malays, Cape boys, Zulus, Basutos, and Kaffirs from every part of the sub-continent. Such a population, living under insanitary conditions, in perpetual dust, drinking bad water, working

their claims primitively and taking desperate mining risks, had naturally attracted many doctors.

There were at least eight recognized practitioners in the camp before Jameson arrived, but fortune favoured him at the outset. A prominent merchant was suffering from an internal disease for which none of the other professional men had dared to operate. He, however, at once decided to do so, and within three days of his arrival had improvised the necessary instruments and operated with complete success. He thus at once established himself as the leading surgeon, and within a few months had created a reputation and demand for his services that almost overwhelmed him with work. Living with his partner, Dr. Prince, in a small corrugated-iron house in the centre of the town, his hospital duties absorbed much of his time. It was only by unsparing use of horseflesh that he could fulfil all the varied experiences that awaited him in the tents of the diggers or the homes of the merchants and their families.

Needless to say, the hospital was ever full to overflowing, not only with desperate cases of fever, aggravated by hard living, but also with surgical cases of every sort and kind. The head of the nursing staff was Sister Henrietta, a tall,

dark woman, arrestive in appearance and masterful in temperament. Unsparing of her own energy, she demanded the same devotion from her nurses, and was, perhaps, too precise a disciplinarian to be entirely popular. To her punctilious mind, the light-hearted brusquerie, the dashing, non-serious seriousness of Jameson were decidedly disconcerting. To overhear him gravely advising a patient not to leave on Sunday "because the only places open will be the public-houses and the churches, and neither will do you any good," was admittedly a shock to her formalist ideas. But she soon recognized that such utterances concealed a conscientious zeal for work that was not less earnest than her own. More than once, when her nurses had broken down, did Jameson sit up night after night in order to relieve them of their duties, and even to act as nurse himself; and however alien to her preciseness was the unexpected spontaneity of his methods, he commanded her loyalty and respect.

Similarly, other women, the wives of merchants and others, who had at first resented his undeferential frankness, and who had disliked being told that they were describing ailments that could not possibly exist, eventually came to hang upon his slightest word of advice. Without doubt,

doctors generally deserve more gratitude than they get, but Jameson's ordinary treatment of ordinary ailments seems in many cases to have left an exaggerated impression of indebtedness upon the minds of his patients. Not only in South Africa, but elsewhere, are to be found those whose sense of his skill is wholly out of proportion to anything he has professionally done for them. Three days after the Raid the writer was buying fruit from a stall in Pretoria, and selected a particular bunch of grapes. "No, sir," the woman replied, "you can't have that; I am keeping the best I have for Dr. Jim"; and she went on to explain that he had cured her daughter in Kimberley, and that no sacrifice was too great for his sake. Mr. Garrett tells a similar story of a groom who asked him for news. "I said, 'You seem interested in Dr. Jim.' 'Interested!' said he. 'Whatever "quod" he gets, I'd gladly do half of it for him—that I would.' This groom had once broken his leg in a race at Kimberley, and the Doctor had attended him in the hospital. That was all."

Although treating his body servants in an apparently off-hand, indifferent fashion, he invariably aroused in them the same unaccountable zeal and enthusiasm to render service. Despite

the well-worn valet adage, he was always their hero, and a master whose slightest needs they delighted to anticipate. It was, however, no joke or sinecure to be his servant, especially in his pioneer and adventure days. The coloured man who served him from the start in Kimberley went with him to Bulawayo and afterwards into Mashonaland, where he died from fever in 1892. His was a dog-like devotion, and he always contrived, on long treks or pioneer expeditions, to discover some unexpected fresh food or dainty to set before his master. The very first words that Jameson said to his white successor were: "What is your name?" And on being told he at once replied: "What a silly name you have." But never was the relationship between master and man happier and more staunch than in this case. Through the stormiest of his stormy periods, through the Matabele campaign, the Raid, the journeys on the Continent and till his health eventually broke down, this servant was loyalty itself.

But it was the digger population who were the first to proclaim Jameson's individuality and to christen him for all time "Doctor Jim." The peculiar conditions of a prospector's life, especially a few

years ago—his long periods of solitary physical labour in the midst of great spaces and silence; his aloofness from the petty talkativeness, from the routined alertness of gregarious minds—all tended to make him rely largely upon his intuitions. Instinctively, these elemental men recognized the “make-it-or-lose-it” element in Jameson—his impossible courage, his utter reliability as a man. They were no less certain of his latent qualities of leadership than he was himself. Hence, probably, arose his characteristic buoyancy, his daring challenge of speech, which sometimes caused women to gasp, and men to wonder that such things could be said and friendship remain.

In 1878 Rhodes was living with eleven others in a house away from the diggers’ quarters, in the fashionable end of the town. They were known as the “Twelve Apostles,” and Jameson soon became a frequent guest at their evening gatherings. A non-business man amongst those whose main purpose was money-making, he was at first more a listener than a talker. Although really a brilliant conversationalist, he had none of that loud-voiced assertiveness which in some communities is too often mistaken for real force of character. It was only later, in his fight over the small-pox

question, that the cold steel of his temperament made itself felt.

With the increase of cosmopolitan syndicates and companies the Germans and the French each started a separate mess of their own, and Rhodes took a house opposite the Club, that had just been built. This he shared with his friend Pickering, and after the latter's death, with Jameson.

At this time Kimberley was the metropolis of South Africa, the centre of speculative activity, and also the port of arrival and departure for all those bound northwards.

Its Club was for years the rendezvous of the most interesting men in the sub-continent. To and fro from its verandahed portals flowed a constant stream of explorers, hunters, missionaries, politicians, budding financiers, and eminent professional men—adventurers all. It was a paradise of daring spirits in travel and in speculation. Amongst them there was a freemasonry and an old-world sense of comradeship-in-arms whose charm has departed for ever. Such men as Grant, Selous, Merriman and Beit have become known to history; but there were hosts of others, some of great natural ability, others of learning and education, whose names are buried in oblivion. *Quot*

homines, tot sententiæ, and within the hospitable walls of this Club the talk ranged over every subject under the sun. Even in bad times the laughter and forcible wit of forcible men rose irrepressibly. Amidst this picturesque swashbuckler throng Jameson moved, a self-possessed, unobtrusive, energetic little man. Immensely popular and respected by one and all, his real capacity had not been made manifest; and the possibilities of his character were unsuspected, even by himself. He had not yet entered into his kingdom.

Rhodes was the presiding genius of the place; the man whose individuality had asserted itself, whose table was always the centre of interesting men and interesting discussions. In these, however, he seldom did himself justice; and in the ebb and flow of ordinary conversation his power was but half revealed. Great as was the sweep of his thought and imagination, its expression, although frequently emphatic, was not always forthcoming. With Jameson, however, the quick repartee or clinching argument are the natural expression of a very ready wit and brain. There is a radiancy about his speech that is infectious. The ball is at once tossed into the air. There is the suggestion of a mask, raised only to be

lowered again, of a temperament whose limitations are always elusive. Strangely enough, in the matter of clothes the position was reversed. With Rhodes they served to reveal, with Jameson to conceal, individuality. It was always an effort to the former to discard his own special garb, the very roomy white trousers, the grey slouch hat, the loose collar and ample grey sack coat. These were the garments he loved, and which, in a subtle way, seemed to express the furrowed, wide outlook of the man. But with Jameson conventionality in dress is almost a cult. Really indifferent, his only care is that his clothes should not attract attention, but should be such as are suitable for the occasion and in this respect quite ordinary.

What with riding at dawn, his hospital work in the forenoon, and visiting his patients in the afternoon, Jameson had, during the day, scarcely a moment to himself. Rhodes' business took him to the Club, but it was not till the evening that the former could go there with any feeling of rest or amusement in his mind. Rhodes at that time very seldom played cards, but Jameson dearly loved a friendly gamble, and played as dashingly as he lived. "Whenever

the gentlemen rang for gingerbeer," said his servant, "I knew they were playing high."

It was a mark of his greatness that serious and pre-eminent as he was in his profession, and beloved as he was in the hospital and in every home in the community, he was also a man to be reckoned with amongst the hard-headed players in the card-rooms of the Kimberley Club.

Although, as a rule, not taking part in the public affairs of the community, on one or two occasions he showed the temper of his ability and fighting power. In brilliant fashion he came to the rescue of Dr. Prince, who had been made the defendant in a serious action which involved a definition of hysteria. Jameson had not taken honours in medical jurisprudence for nothing, and by his evidence and his prompting of the defendant's counsel, so puzzled judge and jury as to the nature and possibility of hysteria, that he practically won the case for his partner.

The occasion, however, that made him famous and displayed to the full his self-reliance, was the appearance of a sickness amongst the natives which all the other medical men declared to be small-pox, but which he maintained was nothing of the kind. The matter was of vital concern. If the former

were right and the epidemic was contagious, it was essential to the safety of the general public that further immigration of native labour should cease, the native compounds be placed in quarantine, and the diamond mines closed down. Jameson, however, diagnosed the sickness as a form of cow-pox, declared it to be non-contagious, and took upon himself the responsibility of advising the diamond mine owners not to stop recruiting native labour and working the mines. The risk was great, and he was accused of deliberately sacrificing the public health to capitalist interests. A perfect cataclysm of feeling passed over Kimberley on the subject; and experts were summoned from other parts of South Africa, who disagreed with Jameson. But so dogged was he, and so widespread was the faith that the Kimberley community placed in his judgment, that he prevailed.

The late Mr. Garrett sums up his account of the matter by stating that, "it need only be added that Jameson's opinion turned out to be absolutely wrong. After the risk of spreading the infection through the colony had been incurred, it was proved beyond doubt that the disease was small-pox." Mr. Garrett does not, however, quote any authority

for this statement, which, the writer believes, is contrary to the consensus of modern professional opinion. Quite recently a similar epidemic broke out in Kimberley, and was declared to be exactly what Jameson declared his epidemic to be—namely, a sickness identical with a form of cow-pox peculiar to South Africa and non-contagious.

Despite the varied interests of his life, he had always suffered keenly from the famine of books in the land. The few that arrived he consumed greedily, and went hungry for more. In order to keep himself in touch with the progress of his profession and the movement of the world, he had taken every opportunity of revisiting England. Between 1878 and 1886 he returned four times. How far he had influenced Rhodes' desire for a University education it is impossible to say; but he generally contrived to travel with the latter when he returned to keep his terms at Oxford.

In 1882 he visited the mining camp of Mr. J. B. Taylor, at Pilgrim's Rest in the Transvaal, who from this date became his lifelong friend. The camp had prided itself on its poker playing, but Jameson's skill and success were so undeniable that the rifles, horses, and even boots of some of its members were at his mercy.

His first six years at Kimberley were the busiest and most profitable. The amount of his income during this period was considerable, but the exact amount must always remain in doubt. Living was exceedingly costly, and he never displayed any Scotch aptitude for husbanding his own resources. None the less, he had by 1885 saved a considerable sum of money, which he regarded as a nest egg to enable him to go to Vienna to study as a specialist. His investment of it, however, turned out to be unfortunate, and nearly all was lost. As this happened after the population of Kimberley had begun to rapidly diminish, his prospects of recovering his losses were not very bright. About this time Dr. Prince retired, and for a short period he took as partner a Dr. Wolff, who afterwards appeared in the Raid history. The latter did not, however, remain long in partnership, and by the end of 1886 Jameson was alone in the practice.

The years of 1887 and 1888 were specially strenuous ones for Rhodes. He was striving day and night to accomplish his amalgamation schemes ; and at the same time was straining every nerve to secure from his rivals a concession from Lobengula. In this matter he was fortunate in the

men he had selected at various times to represent him in Matabeleland. Natives are quick to discern differences in class amongst Europeans, and the status and behaviour of such representatives as C. D. Rudd, Rochfort Maguire and others, made manifest to Lobengula the nature of Rhodes' position and integrity, and eventually in October, 1888, the concession was formally granted.

Later in the year Dr. Rutherford Harris left Kimberley in charge of the presents and payments that had to be made to Lobengula; and with him went Jameson, who wanted a holiday and was anxious to get some big-game shooting. Both were then tenderfeet and raw to the veld, and to this day the old inhabitants of Palapye chuckle over the huge stone filter strapped to the front of one of their waggons which was, of course, smashed to atoms the moment they entered the bush country. On arriving at the borders of Matabeleland the indunas refused to allow them to advance. Jameson, however, despite their black looks, rode in alone, and, at his explanation, Lobengula at once gave the road to Harris and the waggons; but as he refused to grant the former permission to hunt, he immediately returned

to Kimberley. Harris, after handing over the presents, remained a short time in the kraal, and, on his departure, left an agent to look to Rhodes' interests and to endeavour to obtain from the chief permission to send a pioneer expedition into Mashonaland.

Meantime Rhodes had obtained a Royal Charter for his Company, which had been launched under smiling auspices, and was busy preparing for the exploitation of his conceded territories. But clouds of trouble were rolling up in Bulawayo. For years past the kraal had been the centre of rival intriguing concession-hunters, who naturally grudged Rhodes his success, and who at once set to work to instil suspicion into the minds of the Chief and the Matabele warriors against him. Natives are naturally suspicious, and it was not difficult to spread a belief that Rhodes' real object in obtaining the concession, and in wanting to send an expedition to Mashonaland was to seize Matabeleland itself. Whether Lobengula believed this is uncertain, but unquestionably it aroused a very strong anti-Rhodes party amongst his indunas and warriors. This aggravated the already difficult *rôle* of the Chief. For amongst all those of different nationalities who had sought concessions from

him, Rhodes was the strongest, and richest, and the one man upon whose word he found he could rely. Wisely recognizing the strength of the white man, Lobengula was really anxious to protect Rhodes' agent and the other Europeans living under his protection ; but at the same time he did not dare to show too much favour to the former, because of the growing alarm and mutinous attitude of his murderous impis. Lobengula was a great Kaffir statesman, with foresight and strength of character ; but the force of circumstances was too strong for him. Powerless to stem the tide of civilization sweeping steadily northwards, he was equally powerless to restrain his warriors from sooner or later hurling themselves against it. Surrounded as he was by intriguers on every side, he could trust no one, least of all the mean-souled whites who crawled, native-fashion, on their stomachs before him.

These men, and others, who were Rhodes' enemies, daily whispered sinister prophecies in his ears, and the turbulent murmurs of his scarce-restrained warriors grew hourly louder and more insistent.

Thus it came to pass that, within a few months of Harris's departure from Bulawayo, Lobengula

apparently repented him of the concession he had granted, murdered the indunas who had counselled it, and refused audience to Rhodes' agent. The latter, alarmed by this signal mark of royal disfavour, by the fierce, threatening and insulting behaviour of the Matabele themselves, and by the fearsome rumours so freely circulating, fled to Mafeking and sent off his alarmist message.

The news was naturally a shock to Rhodes. At this critical moment to have his agent discredited in the eyes of the Matabele, and of the whole world, seriously imperilled the future of his great Company, and undermined the foundations of his plans for the future. Moreover, he had already started to recruit his police, but if the Chief was openly hostile and refused to grant the road, any expedition into Mashonaland was impossible.

Jameson's appearance on the scene at this crisis has already been described. Splendid and opportune as was his offer to go to Bulawayo, his chances of success were very remote. He was, practically speaking, still a tenderfoot, unable to speak Kaffir, unaccustomed to the veld and to the handling of dangerous native situations. Even Rhodes, whose belief in

him was great, could hardly hope that he would succeed where tried men like the agent had failed.

His undertaking, however high-spirited, seemed hopeless. He had first to persuade the agent to return; then to overcome the suspicions of the Matabele, and persuade them and their Chief to restore the agent to favour; finally, and this was a matter of supreme importance, he had to win from Lobengula permission for the pioneer expedition to enter Mashonaland.

Rhodes, of course, foresaw clearly the enormous difficulties that lay before Jameson, but the latter waived them aside. Under ordinary circumstances he was far removed from any trace of self-assertion or bravado, but when occasion required, he seemed inspired by a supreme confidence in himself to achieve success. Nor was this the first time of its manifestation. Ten years previously, within a few days of his arrival in Kimberley, he had performed an operation which the consensus of professional opinion had declared impossibly dangerous. Again, in the case of the native epidemic, he had pitted his individual opinion against the Kimberley world, and risked spreading a frightful contagious disease throughout the community. Masterful and self-reliant as he was in these professional matters, he

was much more so in thus taking upon himself this delicate touch-and-go mission to Lobengula.

Every act of a man is physiognomical of him, but the Jameson of 1889 was a much more seasoned man than the young doctor of 1879. Without conscious effort he had found himself possessed of power over men and women, and for ten years had stood the test of a great popularity, easily won and easily held. In a virile community, amongst dare-devil, hard-headed men, he had held his own, and by sheer force of character created for himself a distinct influence and power. Just as Kimberley had changed from a tent-dwelling community of prospectors and speculators to the prosaic streets of industrial orderliness, so had he, from a mere medical practitioner, grown to recognize himself capable of the leadership and control of men. Living for ten years in the midst of gambling and recklessness, of meteoric alternations of success and despair, the non-moral aspects of success, the naked facts, the complex realities of life, had all been open to his view. As medical adviser to one and all, he was in the position of a spectator who, from behind the scenes, sees the working of the wires that make the puppets dance. An observer of the lives and outlook of nomads



DR. JAMESON AND MR. CECIL RHODES IN KIMBERLEY.

and elemental men, they had called to him, and in some subtle way he had answered their call. No man could go through the peculiar experiences of these years without gaining in responsibility and in knowledge. It was, therefore, in no light-hearted, irresponsible spirit, but with all the seriousness of his thirty-five years of strenuous life, that he volunteered to save the situation for Rhodes. Having then no partner to look after his practice, his mission would probably occupy him many months, and his offer to go to Bulawayo meant a definite abandonment of his professional career.

Although subsequent events have amply justified his action, it was at the time no light matter for him to give up the certain successes of his profession for the wider possibilities and uncertain issues of Rhodes' venture in map-making. There are no unstable elements in his character, and it was no momentary impulse that impelled him to embark upon the quasi-military, quasi-political, and wholly commercial enterprise of occupying Mashonaland—an enterprise which but for his influence with Lobengula might have ended in bloodshed and disaster. Doubtless Jameson loved his profession, as a sphere of ascertained usefulness, wherein he had acquitted himself pre-eminently ;

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but unconsciously he had begun to regard himself as indispensable to his friend and his work. Even as he read the telegram from the agent, he grasped the supreme urgency of instantly restoring Rhodes' prestige in Bulawayo. In an instant came the laconic "I will go"; and to Rhodes' question, "When will you start?" spontaneously came the equally laconic reply, "To-morrow morning."

Thus was clinched in silent contract an unwritten understanding, inviolable even by death. The mysterious friendship that during these past years had grown from strength to strength had now become a partnership pregnant with unceasing effort, and destined to achieve success even in the face of overwhelming disaster.

Once and for all Jameson put behind him the past with all its professional ambitions and ideals. In the fulness of knowledge and of his own free will, he launched himself forth into those fierce, stormy seas of South African administration and politics in whose midst he has since battled with undefeated patience and strength.

CHAPTER IV.

THE OCCUPATION OF MASHONALAND.

“ Go to your work and be strong, halting not in your ways,
Baulking the end half won for an instant dole of praise ;
Stand to your work and be wise, certain of sword and pen,
Who are neither children nor gods, but men, in a world of men.”

SUNRISE the following morning saw Jameson, quietly and unconcernedly, awaiting the arrival of the coach for the north with its fourteen horses. Desperately critical and quixotic as was his mission, there were none to bid him farewell. Unsaluted, and almost unrecognized, he sank back into the cramped seat he was to occupy for the four-hundred-mile trek to Mafeking. This was the first of his incessant coach and Cape-cart journeys over impossible roads, and under every conceivable condition of hardship and discomfort.

During the next six years, in a spirit of high endeavour, he travelled to and fro to the Hinterland and within it, traversing and re-traversing the aching desolations of the veld, to the eventual undermining of his health and vitality. When in

Rhodesia he generally had his own Cape cart and six mules, and preferred to travel alone, relying on books and cigarettes to relieve the *ennui* of days and days of endless trekking, which an uncongenial companion would have rendered unbearable. Always in a hurry to push on, the casualties and inevitable delays of African travel were thus easier to endure than with an irritable or equally impatient fellow-traveller.

Starting at dawn, he would keep going until about nine. Then breakfast, journeying again from eleven to one, and again from four to seven, or to the nearest water. During the hours of actual trek he would crouch in a corner of the cart, his hat over his eyes; shrunken, enwrapt in a contemplative atmosphere, possibly less sad and lonely than it appeared; and with God knows what ideas fermenting in a temperament so nearly akin to genius. The instant, however, the mules stopped he was on his feet, and, placing his chair in the nearest shade, would plunge into his book, generally a history or a biography, or some good modern novel. Carrying but little personal luggage, his veld appearance was always comparatively clean and neat, despite the fact that his normal pace of dressing and undressing,

shaving and washing, was incredibly quick. To food he was indifferent, eating a small quantity with a lightning and disastrous speed, but the after-meal cigarette was always indispensable, and always followed by a good many others. On one occasion he started with a friend, whose constitution demanded a large amount of food. The cart was packed accordingly, and promptly broke down the first afternoon in the middle of a stream. Wet and provisionless, the travellers escaped to the opposite bank, where they began a discussion on religion. When assistance eventually arrived, about ten p.m., the two were found so absorbed in their arguments that they had forgotten about the accident, their fasting condition, or even the approach of night.

After nine toilsome days of persistent jolting, with broken sleep and bad food, Jameson arrived at Mafeking. Here he met Rhodes' agent, and with some difficulty persuaded him to return. Together they rode on to Bulawayo. No journey for the faint-hearted this, for the Matabele young bloods were straining at the leash, scarcely held in check by the king's word, and with undisguised truculence jostled the travellers even at the entrance to the kraal.

On the occasion of Jameson's previous visit, the king, although refusing him leave to hunt, had been favourably impressed by his fearless, independent attitude, which was in marked contrast to the fawning approach of so many other of his white visitants. He, therefore, at once granted him an audience, and soon restored the agent to favour. The moment, moreover, was auspicious, as Lobengula was suffering from a bad attack of gout, and wisely preferred to trust Dr. Jim's medicines rather than the Christian Scientist methods of his own medicine-men. To prescribe for a great barbaric chief of this kind was risky business, and if the medicines had signally failed, Jameson's position would not have been pleasant. Fortunately, they acted successfully, and after a time the gout began to disappear. The occasion was too good to lose, and as the king's confidence and favour increased, so did Jameson daily endeavour to obtain some definite permission for Rhodes' police and pioneers to enter the conceded territories. Natives, however, are adepts in the diplomatic art of staving off a definite situation, and after three months' residence the only tangible result of Jameson's high favour was that Lobengula gave him a commission and made him an induna of his favourite

regiment, the Imbeza. His initiation was in public, and all the ceremonies were observed. It was a strange spectacle, the slight, thoughtful young Scotchman, in store clothes, and weaponless, confronting this lust-stamped, massive-framed, barbarically adorned chief, and receiving from his hands the insignia of his famous impi—the black-plumed ostrich head-dress, the shoulder cape, the ox-hide shield with its distinguishing black and white stripes, the two assegais.* At a sign from the king, the circle of indunas and cruel-eyed warriors tapped their shields, and with uplifted assegais, obediently yelled their fearsome welcome. Outside the enclosure the scarcely human faces of the women and amoholis† peered forward, scowling ominously ; while the reek of cattle and natives was as a vapour forsaking the sun-baked earth. Great as was the honour in the eyes of the Matabele, it was a refinement of irony that this eminent surgeon, who had devoted his scientific skill to shedding of blood to save life, should be hailed as companion-in-arms by those whose profession was war in its most brutal form, whose supreme aim was the shedding of blood to destroy

* Now in his brother's hall in England.

† *Amoholis*. Captured slaves, and strangers at the gate.

life. In the light of after events, there was still further irony in the ceremonial rites, the traditional battle-cries, the stabbed and slaughtered cattle, the hunks of steaming flesh engorged in honour of the man who was subsequently to be their destroyer and conqueror. For Jameson himself it was a veritable baptism of blood, an initiation magnificently heathen and ferocious, a summons to adventure remorseless and imperative. Outwardly he remained an impassive and indifferent spectator. Possibly he was revolted by the utter savagery of the cattle-slaying process; possibly the whole scene may have stirred the elemental instincts of his blood. But in any case, he must have realized how slender were the threads that restrained these murderous Matabele from turning upon himself and the two or three other unprotected whites in their midst. Scarce four years later he stood on the self-same spot, the victorious leader of his Rhodesian force, who had mown down charge after charge of the Matabele impis, and had utterly wiped out one of the most organized systems of savagery the world has known.

Meanwhile, Jameson's position as an induna gave him many advantages, and eventually, about a

month after his promotion, Lobengula yielded to his persistent importunity and subtle persuasiveness. At a secret interview the king told him that he might bring in the expedition to Mashonaland; or in native phraseology, that he might lead his "white impi" into that territory. Lobengula stipulated, however, that Jameson himself should go in with the pioneers *via* Tuli; and further explained that for statecraft reasons this was not a formal official permission. Lobengula made it clear that, as his warriors were hostile to the proposed expedition, and eager to attack it, he could only in secret thwart their purpose; in other words, that although he would not openly support Rhodes' plans, he would diplomatically do so.

This was very satisfactory to Jameson, who immediately posted off to Rhodes in Kimberley. The latter had during his absence steadily gone on recruiting his police forces, who had been sent up to Macloutsie, near the borders of Matabeleland, about five hundred miles from Kimberley. On receipt, however, of Jameson's information, Rhodes entered into a contract with Major Frank Johnson to equip five hundred pioneers with a year's provisions for eighty-five thousand pounds. Thus far

all was plain sailing, but unfortunately Rhodes, who had grown impatient at Jameson's long stay in Bulawayo, and had feared for his success, had sent up another emissary, who missed Jameson altogether, and arrived at Bulawayo after he had left. The king, however, did not take this emissary into his confidence, but assumed an anti-Rhodes attitude, refused to grant the road to the proposed pioneers' expedition, and stated that he had also refused the road to Jameson. Lobengula was so uncompromising, and the natives so menacing, that the emissary returned to Kimberley and reported very unfavourably upon the situation. Not unnaturally, Rhodes thought that the chief had hoodwinked Jameson, who had been unduly optimistic. This second check to his plans seriously upset him, and for a few days matters were so strained between the two friends that Jameson went the length of purchasing horses to renew his professional work. Rhodes, however, on further consideration, asked Jameson if he would again revisit the Chief. He at once agreed to do so, and set out for Tati in a Cape cart. Here he found the most alarmist rumours in circulation with regard to the intentions of the Matabele, and almost all the white

men had their horses saddled in readiness for flight. Nothing daunted, Jameson continued his journey into Bulawayo, and despite the most dismal prophecies and warnings, his courage again proved its own talisman, and he reached his destination safely. He found, however, that the hostile feeling of the impis had become much more intense, and the whole position more difficult. Moreover, although Lobengula received him in audience, he refused, either in public or in private, to confirm the promise he had previously made. Much, indeed, had happened in the six months of his absence. On the one hand, presents of all sorts and kinds had poured upon the Chief—gold, rifles, opera-hats, opera-glasses, bath-chairs, bulls, champagne, race-horses, etc. Moreover, his indunas had returned from England, affirming the power of the Great White Queen, and Her Majesty had sent officers of the Life Guards to visit him, appearing in full uniform at the annual dance. But, on the other hand, the whole nation—and even Lobengula himself—had been thoroughly aroused and alarmed by the assembling on the borders of Matabeleland of the armed forces of the Chartered Company's police and pioneers, who were being drilled in daily-increasing numbers. It is true

that Lobengula had sent some of his impis to the Zambesi to slake their thirst for blood upon the tribes north of that river ; but those who remained were in a fever heat of warlike expectancy and revolt. The king was in a very equivocal position, and dared not show much favour to Jameson, who saw that it was useless to remain. After two days spent in vain, he arranged to leave the next morning at daybreak, but before starting, as a final effort, went to Lobengula to say good-bye. The door of the Chief's hut was in two portions, an upper and a lower, and, leaning over the lower half, he had his last and final interview. The old king was stark naked, somewhat agitated—an unwieldy mass of dark copper-coloured flesh moving restlessly up and down within the dim, uncertain light of the hut.

“ Well, King,” said Jameson, “ as you will not confirm your promise and grant me the road, I shall bring my white impi, and if necessary, we shall fight.”

Lobengula replied : “ I never refused the road to you and to your impi.”

“ Very well,” said Jameson ; “ then you acknowledge that you have promised to grant me the road ; and unless you refuse it now, your promise

holds good." Then, as the king remained diplomatically silent, Jameson said: "Good-bye, Chief; you have given your promise about the road, and on the strength of that promise I shall bring in my impi to Mashonaland," and he left.

This was the last time these two saw each other.

Probably to no man has Lobengula so revealed his real intentions and his true policy as to Jameson, and right loyally did he carry out his word. For not only did he protect the Europeans in his kraal, while the pioneers were marching into Mashonaland; but he so timed his prohibitory messages that the pioneer force was able to get clear of the bush and into the open tableland at Victoria before his messengers got back to Bulawayo. Nothing would have been easier than for Lobengula to have allowed his impis to harass the pioneers in their first two hundred miles of broken bush country, and thus made it doubtful if they could ever have reached Victoria. So cleverly, however, did he handle the situation, that he allowed the pioneers to accomplish their entire march unattacked; and at the same time managed to retain his own position as king and commander-in-chief

of his white-hating impis. As a centre of loyalty himself, Jameson has always inspired the same quality in others, and amongst them this great Kaffir chief stands out with a conspicuously pathetic interest; more especially as ultimately he was destined to fail in controlling the fighting instincts of his subjects, and had to pay a king's penalty for failure.

Meanwhile Jameson went from Bulawayo straight to Macloutsie, where the expedition was assembled, and arrived there in May, 1890, just before their inspection by General Methuen.

The five hundred pioneers, under Major Johnson, were a semi-civil, semi-military force, composed chiefly of Colonials and those accustomed to veld life—a determined, reliable lot of men, athirst for gold, and ready to encounter any risk to obtain it. There were five troops of police, recruited from every class of life, and representing every form of occupation under the sun—English, Scotch, Irish, Welsh, American and Colonial, younger sons and ex-soldiers, City men and those born on the soil. They were a strange assortment, the majority of them with grit, but devoid of any training for the work in hand. The officers were as varied in size, uniform and qualifications for command as their

men. One of them writes : " I am only of medium height ; on my right is my junior sub., over six feet four, and turned out spick and span in neat cords and blucher boots. To my left stands ——, a squat five-foot-nothing, in baggy clothes and badly rolled puttees, looking as fierce and as truculent as any stage villain I ever set eyes on. While —— is an ex-Life Guardsman, and looks it, —— is evidently an old man of the sea, who has taken to soldiering rather late in life."

Jameson had no official position, either with the pioneers or the police. As Rhodes' representative, and as holding his power of attorney, he accompanied the expedition as the eyes and ears of his friend.

Amongst those officially in command a certain chaos of authority seemed to prevail. The officer commanding was Colonel Pennefather, while Mr. Colquhoun, the Administrator, seems to have held a sort of paulo-post-future authority, which was not to come into being until after the occupation was declared. Sir John Willoughby was not only an energetic and determined second-in-command, but he was in this, as in other critical expeditions, Jameson's very loyal and trusted comrade. In the subordinate ranks were many officers of varied experiences and character. The pioneers

were officered by Majors Johnson, Heany and Borrow, who were all three men of considerable business ability and of intimate knowledge of the natives and of the country. The last was killed with Major Wilson at Shangani. Selous and Van Rooyen were famous hunters ; Captain Hoste had resigned the senior command of Donald Currie's line to join the expedition.

The difficulties in getting such a force fully equipped and provisioned for a year were very great, and it was not till the 3rd of August that the pioneers and three troops of police started from Tuli in the teeth of prohibitive messages from Lobengula, and of prophecies of the most alarmist description. Their task was no light one. The country before them was unknown, roadless, intersected by treacherous rivers, hilly and covered with dense bush, which afforded perfect cover. With Selous organizing the road-making ahead, the column slowly advanced, hourly expectant of attack from an enemy who knew the country intimately, and whose whereabouts it was impossible to discover long beforehand. At night they laagered their twenty-eight waggons, keeping an engine going with a searchlight, and at dawn stood to arms for two hours till the sun was up. The

strain was severe upon all. Alarms were frequent, and at any moment the silence of the advance might have been broken by the yells of the Matabele.

Sometimes riding with the scouts of this strange force, sometimes in the rear with those who marched rifle in hand; *insouciant* always, always urging the bolder course, full of light-hearted chaff and badinage, Jameson was a cheering influence to one and all. Nor was this experience without its value, for he was able to gauge the temper of his material under strain, the capacity or incapacity of those selected to command, the distinctive virtues and weaknesses of his elemental men, and daily himself grew more conscious of his capacity for leadership.

The worst part of the whole march was the first two hundred miles from Tuli to what is now called Fort Victoria. Had the Matabele attacked the column before it reached the latter point, it would certainly have gone hard with the expedition. Half-way, at the Lundi River, a white envoy appeared with a message from the king, ordering the expedition "to go back unless they were strong enough to go on." "Did the white man think the Matabele were grasshoppers and that they could

walk over them easily?" Colonel Pennefather replied that he was sent by the Queen, and must go where he was sent and should do so. The voice was that of Colonel Pennefather, the words were the words of Jameson. Before this reply reached the king at Bulawayo the column had emerged from the bush country into the magnificent open plateau beyond Fort Victoria. Leaving one troop at this fort, the force, now comparatively safe, and with visions of Eldorados before their eyes, gaily marched through great, undulating grassy plains, dotted with clumps of trees and bushes, another one hundred miles north-east to what is now called Fort Charter. Here a second troop was left, and the remaining troop and the pioneers pushed on for yet another hundred miles north, till on the 12th September they finally halted at Mount Hampden, where they erected a fort, now the town of Salisbury.

This was approximately the centre of those territories over which Rhodes had secured a title. Here this little band of some five hundred Europeans found themselves; an islet of western civilization in the midst of an ocean of surrounding barbarism; a mere speck of white humans in a boundless expanse of veld and sky. On the

south their nearest railway station was Kimberley, some one thousand miles distant. To the east was the sea, at least four hundred miles away, and through unexplored territory; to the south-west were the Matabele. But to the north and north-west as far as the Zambesi, and to the east and south-east as far as Portuguese territory, the land was theirs to exploit for its reputed mineral wealth and treasures. The whole spirit of the enterprise had been Elizabethan, and the parade on the 13th of September, 1890, to hoist the Union Jack and formally declare the occupation of the country was an historic occasion for one and all. For a few moments of proud achievement the little square of ragged, travel-worn pioneers stood shoulder to shoulder before going forth, each on his own, to seek for the gold for which his soul was aflame. Sedate, and almost depressed in appearance, Jameson was the only man without a trace of uniform, and perhaps the only one amongst those chest-expanded, expectant adventurers who was completely indifferent to any chance of procuring riches for himself.

Yet no one knew more intimately the background of ideas, the manipulation of circumstances, the inner history of this undertaking. No one, more-

over, had so furiously overborne obstacles—had so deliberately risked his life for this partial fulfilment of a great Imperial scheme. For himself, and vicariously for Rhodes, he no doubt realized to the full the political and historic significance of the occasion. But in the severe, business-like spirit of their partnership it was evident his mind was also intent on those immense practical difficulties that immediately confronted their further task of settlement and development. The most urgent of these was transport. The provisions they had brought with them might last a few months ; but how was it possible for more waggons, especially in the rainy season, to cross the rivers and overcome the difficulties of the road from Tuli northwards. Even with all the organized labour of the pioneers, the task of getting heavy waggons over the so-called roads and drifts had been a heavy one, and to single parties it was almost impossible. Moreover, apart from the danger from the Matabele, the expense of waggon transport for eight hundred miles would make the cost of living prohibitive. The only alternative route was from the Portuguese ports of Beira or Sofala on the east coast, which were only about four hundred miles, as the crow

flies, from Salisbury. This, however, was quite unexplored, and Jameson determined to accompany Major Johnson, who had planned to return this way, had arranged for a steamer to await him on the coast, and had brought up a Berthon boat for use on the Pungwe River if necessary.

The two left Salisbury on the 30th of September, and made their way for about two hundred miles to Umtassa's kraal. This Chief, a prince of liars even among natives, was really a tributary of Gungunhama, who was Suzerain of the native tribes over an ill-defined but large stretch of territory in the south-east. Umtassa, however, pretended to grant concessions over Manicaland. Having nothing to concede, he did so freely to one and all, to British as well as to Portuguese, receiving gifts from all. After negotiating with him, Jameson and his companion left their waggon behind, and, leading their horses, struggled over the mountains into Portuguese territory, and, worn-out, reached Massi-Kessi late in the evening. Their reception, however, by the Portuguese *commandante* was so unwelcome, that they had to retrace their steps and shift for themselves in the open veld for food and lodging. Eventually they

managed to obtain a few carriers, and although short of food, continued their journey towards the coast.

As they proceeded, the country became less mountainous, and shortly before reaching the vast reedy, swampy flats that extend even to the sea, they met Baron Rezende and his party. He was courtesy itself, and gave them provisions in exchange for their horses, which would, in any case, have died from the tsetse fly in the bush. Emerging from this, they found that the height of the reeds and grass made travelling on the flats very slow and difficult. They, therefore, struck north, launched the boat on the Pungwe, and dismissing the boys, proceeded to row themselves downstream. The first afternoon torrents of rain soaked everything they possessed; and landing near Sarmento, they spread their clothes before a fire to dry, and in a deserted hut close by slept as only men can who have toiled in the tropical sun on the Beira flats. They awoke with the roar of burning thatch in their ears, and, dashing through the flaming grass, reached their boat. Johnson escaped naked save for a blanket, a rifle and cartridges and a tin of sugar. Jameson jumped into the boat in a singlet and a pair of

dancing pumps, and with a shot gun minus cartridges.

They were just in time to push off from the burning reeds, and in this plight, the one naked and the other nearly so, without food or necessities of any kind, they had to row as best they could some eighty or ninety miles under tropical conditions to Beira. For four days they galley-slaved, occasionally capsizing, sometimes stranded on mud-banks; the sun blistering their bodies in every part, and the reek of malaria ever surging in their nostrils as they crept slowly past the fever-stricken swamps and forests that border one of the most pestilential rivers in Africa. They shot a few birds and a buffalo, eating the flesh raw; and at night, fastening their boat to the bank, slept exhausted, heedless of precautions against lions or snakes.

The third night, tying up their boat to a branch above them as usual, they woke to find that the tide had risen, lifting the boat so high above the branch that the rope was as an anchor dragging them under water. Bewildered, they were just able to loose themselves adrift before being entirely sucked under. Eventually, towards evening on the following day, they found themselves on the

great reaches of water at the mouth of the river. Tropical birds of every kind flew amidst the foliage ; hippopotami played around them on every side, and occasionally plunged from the banks under the very bows of the boat. Suddenly they observed what seemed to be a single stick bobbing up and down against the sky-line to their front. Exerting every effort, they reached the open expanse of bay, and saw the outline of a vessel anchored off the spit of land on which was the solitary hut which then constituted the port of Beira. This was the steamer that had been awaiting them for weeks. The captain had that very morning determined to leave, but by a miracle of good fortune, he had delayed to take on board the flesh of a hartebeest that by chance had been shot that morning. This delayed the steamer's departure. Had the captain started as he had originally intended, the two travellers would have been stranded for weeks or months at Beira, with a certainty of fever as a result of the exposure.

By the end of October Jameson was back in Kimberley laying before Rhodes in detail all that had happened, and discussing the future. As a result, before the end of November he was again in the post-cart *en route* for Salisbury.

The main reason for his return was the aggressive attitude of the Portuguese in Manicaland, to which they laid claim, because of a concession purported to have been granted to them by Umtassa. They also had put forward shadowy claims to Mashonaland and Matabeleland, based on sixteenth-century expeditions. The excitement in Lisbon over Rhodes' expedition had been very great; notwithstanding that on the 14th July, when it was on the eve of starting, it was stated in the House of Commons that "the British Government had officially informed the Portuguese Ambassador that they knew of no expedition to Mashonaland whatsoever."

Already a slight collision had occurred in Manicaland, and two Portuguese officers, Colonel Andrade and General Gouveia, after being chased round a hut in Umtassa's kraal by a Chartered Company's police officer, had been taken prisoners and sent out of the country *viâ* Salisbury. Rhodes' claim to exploit Manicaland was based on his concession from Lobengula, but, as the district was apparently under the suzerainty of Gungunhama, Jameson's object was to obtain from the latter a title to exploit for minerals that would over-ride any concession Umtassa might have given to the Portuguese. His difficulties were

further complicated by the fact that Gazaland, where Gungunhama had his kraal, belonged to the Portuguese, who were also seeking a similar concession over Manicaland, and it was within their right to prevent Jameson or any other rival concessionaires from entering their territory for this purpose. Speed and secrecy were therefore imperative, and by the first week in December Jameson had arrived at Tuli. Here he was unavoidably detained for a few days, and the following comments of a shrewd observer, who then met him for the first time, seem worth recording :

“ At first Jameson wrapped himself in a cloak of *impenetrabilia*, and retired into a shell, manufactured, as I imagine, for the occasion ; and he seemed to me to be feeling his way among us with characteristic caution, typical not only of his nationality, but of his individuality, which is, to a certainty, cast in the plastic mould of diplomacy. He spoke very little of Mashonaland or Manica, or about his and Johnson’s trip through the latter country. One thing I like about him, he is not bitten with the bounce mania so prevalent in South Africa. However, in a dry, quiet way, peculiarly his own, he has occasionally had recourse to the decidedly strong vein of humour that runs

through him. As a companion he is excellent—lively, amusing, cheery—one, in fact, who thinks it folly not to be jolly ; not that his manner is good, in the high sense of polish, but in every other way, politeness and suavity especially, it is extremely so, and he never loses a chance of using it if he can help it.”

No man, however primitive his surroundings, can succeed by sheer, unrelieved courage and burliness, and the source of Jameson’s power, even with native chiefs, lay probably in the persistent exercise of this very fine quality of observation and tact.

He left Tuli just in time to get to Salisbury before the rains of an unprecedented wet season came down and made the rivers impassable. After a short stay there, he went to Umtali, and with Doyle and Moodie, left at the end of January for Gungunhama’s kraal. It was now the middle of the rains, and in crossing a swollen river at the second day’s march, their pack-mules carrying luggage and provisions were swept down, and almost everything washed away. This was a serious mishap at the commencement of a six-hundred miles’ journey, and Jameson had great difficulty in persuading his companions to con-

tinue. Their hardships were great. The rain was incessant, the native paths greasy, the rivers almost impassable. Wet by day, they slept at night unsheltered beneath sodden overcoats. The natives were unwilling to trade, and for days together they lived on nothing but mealies and mealie porridge. All three had attacks of fever, and it was nothing but the dogged, terrier-like determination of Jameson that kept them going. Eventually, after twenty-five days' journey, they arrived, half-starved, exhausted physically and mentally, with clothes filthy and in rags, and altogether presenting an appearance hardly calculated to favourably impress a powerful and independent chief. Moreover, the Portuguese had preceded them, and were encamped on the opposite hills with tents, guns, uniforms, and all the paraphernalia of ornamentation for making a brave show before Gungunhama. To add to the discomfiture of the travellers, and to doubly handicap their mission, they were coldly received by the Chief because of some absurd trumped-up charges that had been made against them by a native from whom they had tried to purchase a beast for food. He had played so fast and loose, and so delayed them by his dishonest and exorbitant

bargaining, that Jameson had told him in forcible language that the deal was off. Taking short cuts to the kraal, this man laid his alleged grievances before the Chief. These not unnaturally prejudiced Gungunhama against Jameson; and it was not until the third morning after his arrival that the travellers were granted an interview beneath a wide-spreading fig-tree near the kraal. So far as clothes and outward appearances went the travellers cut a sorry figure; and Jameson, as the result of privation and illness, was especially "gaunt, hollow-eyed, and shrunken." The first step at this interview was to clear the ground in respect of the matters complained of by the native and his friends who were present. The majority of natives are natural liars, and the man began a plausible tale, supported by grunts of corroboration from his friends. Doyle, however, who thoroughly understood Kaffirs, saw that some intervention was necessary, and rising from the floor, made some obvious remarks which demonstrated that the man was lying. Doyle's statements soon convinced Gungunhama, who forthwith punished the native for lying and received Jameson into his favour. The latter

made good use of his opportunity, and in the teeth of Portuguese opposition, succeeded within a week in obtaining the concession he wanted. Directly the document was signed, Jameson at once started for the Sabi river, hoping to return by the steamer *Countess Carnarvon*, which had brought up presents for Gungunhama from Rhodes. On reaching the river, however, the party found that the *Countess Carnarvon* had been taken prisoner by a Portuguese gunboat, and they were also made prisoners. As Doyle was very ill, Jameson refused to leave him, and remained on board the steamer, which was taken in tow by the gunboat to Delagoa Bay. Here, after a short delay, Jameson and his party were released, and he returned to Cape Town about the middle of March.

Within the past eighteen months he had travelled and adventured incessantly. Three times had he visited Lobengula, covering over four thousand miles in Cape carts and on horseback, and had practically persuaded the chief to allow the pioneers to proceed unattacked. With the expedition he had marched to Fort Salisbury and formally occupied the conceded territories. He had explored Manicaland, and rowed unclothed down the Pungwe to

the coast. Scorning fatigue, he had again revisited Fort Salisbury, travelling fiercely at the hottest season, and early in 1891 had trekked six hundred miles to Gazaland, and, in the face of every obstacle, triumphantly secured a concession from Gungunhama. Finally, he had been taken prisoner by the Portuguese to Delagoa Bay. As a result of these efforts of will and daring, he had achieved the occupation of Mashonaland, and, although the situation in Manicaland was not formally settled till after the battle of Massi-Kessi on the 15th of May, 1891, when forty-seven Chartered Company's police defeated some four hundred Portuguese and captured that fort, Jameson had secured an indefeasible title to mineral rights in that country.

Fever-stricken, his vital force exhausted, he arrived in Cape Town, fully entitled to the rest and holiday he so needed. But Rhodes' wish and the condition of affairs almost immediately demanded his presence in Fort Salisbury; and without protest or demur he quietly made preparations to return and formally take over the administratorship of the country. If in the course of his leadership he was compelled to risk the lives and health of others, he had been himself foremost

in facing risk and self-sacrifice of every kind. Despite all he had gone through, he was now about to take upon his shoulders the administration of vast newly-acquired territories during their most critical and trying period, and the incidents of his work as Administrator will occupy the next chapter.

CHAPTER V.

ADMINISTRATION.

“ There were giants in the earth in those days.”

LIKE other historic pioneers, the early settlers in the Chartered Company's territories sowed in hardship for others to reap the fruits of their endurance. Their position during the first six months of 1891 was serious. The persistent rains and the overgrown, towering grass had made gold-seeking for the moment impossible, and in many cases the prospectors were confined, fever-stricken and half-starved, to their huts. So impassable were the rivers and so bad the roads, that scarce a single waggon had been able to get through from Tuli to Salisbury during this period. Theoretically, the forts and the country generally were provisioned till June, but long before that date groceries, and even flour, had become unprocurable, and the community were reduced to living almost entirely upon native produce. The police, isolated in small bodies in the different districts, were unable to

maintain inter-communication. The whole country was practically defenceless against the Matabele; while the Portuguese in Manicaland were daily becoming more aggressively hostile. All efforts to make a road from Beira had failed, the oxen had succumbed to the tsetse fly, and Major Johnson's coaches lay abandoned and rotting in the Beira flats. A police officer, stationed about one hundred miles of Salisbury on the 17th April, 1891, wrote as follows :—

“ I often think of you all, and the dear old troop. The men are very badly off for clothes, and what they have bears no resemblance to uniform, while many of them are bootless and going about barefooted.

“ Meat is a rarity ; and though there is game in abundance, the grass is so high that it is impossible in most places to see five yards from the path. Tea, coffee, sugar, and bread I have been so long without that I do not miss, and have quite forgotten, the taste of. Our principal article of diet is mealie meal and pumpkin. The meal we get from the natives is made from young mealies, which do not bind ; but as we get sweet potatoes now and then, we manage, by mixing them together, to make a sort of potato-cake or bread with it. I have lived

three whole days on nothing but pumpkin-squash—not over-pleasant at any time, but without even salt or pepper absolutely nauseous ; but I am getting on better now, except for meat. Heyman managed to send me, a few days ago, a little Boer meal, which I serve every fourth day at one pound per man ; so we do manage to get a little bread by mixing it with the Kaffir meal.

“ We have had a lot of fever, but very few deaths, considering. After I left, only two men remained behind there—Matthews and Glover. They were both down with fever, and it appears, when the former died, the native servants cleared off, as they always do when a white man dies here. Owing to the rivers being up, it was five days before any of the men could get from Umtali to bury him. You can well imagine the state the body was in on their arrival—so bad, indeed, that with great difficulty a rope was made fast to his legs, and he was then dragged to his grave. Glover was all the time in the same room, and very nearly insane—and no wonder ! ”

These were no exceptional experiences, but the common lot of police and pioneer alike. To add to the difficulties of the situation, adventurers—too often moneyless and provisionless—had already

begun to dribble in to the country from various points.

Meanwhile the administrative authorities were at loggerheads with each other. Friction existed between the Administrator and the Officer Commanding, especially with regard to the control and disposition of the police force, while both these officers were subjected to an irritating interference in detail from the Kimberley office. Appointments were made and cancelled, orders issued only to be countermanded, and the settlers generally were filled with despair at this chaos of authority and lack of organization, especially with regard to transport.

Inefficient as was the administration, the expenditure on it was enormous and wasteful. When Rhodes pointed out to Jameson that the Company was expending money at the rate of £250,000, per annum, and that their funds were becoming exhausted, the latter replied: "I will run the country for you on £40,000 a year." Rhodes said, "Well, if you do that I will find the balance out of my own pocket." In order to carry out his word he had to sell a great many of his Chartered Company shares, but both on this occasion and in subsequent years he always

received the most generous and loyal assistance in this matter from his friend, Mr. Beit.

In addition, however, to all these troubles from within, a fresh danger had arisen from without in the shape of a Boer trek into the concessioned territories, which had been organized in the Transvaal in the early months of 1891. Its object was to set up an independent republic in Banailand, within the Chartered Company's territory, to which certain Boer concessionaires asserted they had received a prior concession from the local chief. Such was the condition of affairs when Jameson left Cape Town in April, 1891, to take over the administration of the country. *En route* he stopped at Pretoria to interview President Kruger with regard to the Banailand trekkers. The latter was very full of promises and smooth words, while secretly supporting the trekkers in every way that he dared. Jameson arrived at Tuli early in June, and from here inspected the defences on the various drifts above the Limpopo River. On the 24th a large body of trekkers unexpectedly arrived at the main drift a few hours after he had left, and their leader, Colonel Ferreira, at once crossed into Chartered Company territory. He was arrested by the officer in charge, and messengers sent post-

haste after Jameson, who returned that evening, and straightway rode across to the Boer camp accompanied by an interpreter and a trooper. The Boers, about two hundred in number, came together in front of a belt of dark-foliaged trees that fringed the pebbled beach of the river. The majority of them were back-velders—colloquially called *taark-haaras*, or shaggy-heads; an unkempt, sullen-browed group of veld-hardened men, rifle in hand, and bandoliered, rancorous at heart, and filled with contempt for everything British. The long line of their tented waggons glimmered through the trees in the rear. The ample figures of the sun-bonneted *vrouws* moved to and fro amidst the cattle and fires, and innumerable children, bare-headed, bare-footed tatterdemalions, watched, open-mouthed, the historic interview.

Jameson remained mounted, the water dripping from his boots and leggings, and at once began to address the assembled Boers. But so nervous was the interpreter, that he could not proceed, and eventually Colonel Ferreira had to be sent for. After informing them of the High Commissioner's and President Kruger's Proclamations forbidding the trek, Jameson stated plainly and emphatically that he would oppose by force their entry into

Charterland, unless they signed an agreement to abide by the Company's regulations. He added, however, that he was willing to receive a deputation. The Boers listened in silence, and next morning sent a deputation, who argued the right of the trekkers to proceed into Banailand. Meanwhile, however, a maxim gun and other reinforcements had arrived at the drift, and after prolonged negotiations with the deputation, who frequently crossed and re-crossed to confer with the trekkers, the latter became divided amongst themselves. Some began to trade horses, tobacco, etc., with the troopers; others agreed to sign the Chartered Company's regulations if they were permitted to shoot in Mashonaland; while some even volunteered for service in the police force. Gradually, under the influence of Jameson's firmness and tact, the trek dispersed, and many Boers accepted his offer to come into the country under the Company's regulations.

As soon as the matter was settled, Jameson returned to Tuli, and took with him as nominal prisoner Colonel Ferreira, who, in 1885, had received from Her Majesty the distinction of C.M.G. for gallantry in native wars. Tuli was then not only the port of entry for supplies to the con-

cessioned territories, but also the rendezvous for the varied types of travellers going and returning from the north. To many an educated man, the conversations at the hospitable mess at the Fort were a mental oasis after weeks or months of endless worry about sick oxen or lost mules, or the prospect of finding water, or one of the other multitudinous difficulties of South African travel. During his few evenings at the Fort, Jameson seems to have taken a prominent part in the discussions at mess. An officer who was present thus writes : " In a dry, quiet way peculiarly his own, and no one else's, he has occasionally had recourse to the decidedly strong vein of humour that runs through him, and which invariably finds a vent in——" . . . " I am inclined to think that, like his model and magnet, Jameson does not believe in excessive formality, but in attaining an object by the nearest and quickest method ; and it would take very little to induce either Rhodes or himself, should the occasion present itself, or the emergency arise, to ride rough-shod over forms or amenities and rules or regulations." . . . " I happened to mention O'Brien's book, ' When we were Boys.' Jameson immediately, and quite eagerly, asked me to lend him the book to read, and, upon my promising to do so,

he maintained that O'Brien, as second in command of one of the greatest movements of the day, or century, for the matter of that, and apart from any individual or other considerations, must be a man with something in him."

A few months later the same writer was present at a conversation between Rhodes, Randolph Churchill and Jameson on the subject of the firing upon Sir John Willoughby by a Portuguese gunboat as he was landing at Beira.

"Lord Randolph asserted his opinion most emphatically that the commander of the English gunboat would have been perfectly justified, and quite within his rights, if he had turned his guns on, landed a force, and taken possession of Beira. Jameson agreed that this would have been the proper course, but pointed out that a man acting in this way, on his own responsibility, would have lost his commission for certain and have been sent into disgrace owing to official red tape ; but Lord Randolph declared very positively that, as a member of the Cabinet, he, for one, would have vigorously defended and belauded such an act of prompt decision. Indeed, from all I could gather, Lord Randolph, Rhodes and Jameson were altogether in favour of men rising to the occasion."

Unfortunately, Jameson, during his few days sojourn at Tuli, had no time to thoroughly examine the system of accounts and transport which prevailed. For once his astuteness failed him, and he left in supreme command at this important station an officer whose methods did not advance the interests either of the settlers or the Chartered Company.

Shortly after his arrival in Salisbury, at the end of July, Mr. Colquhoun left, and Jameson formally took over the Administratorship.

His first care was to reduce expenditure, a necessary and ungrateful task which would have wrecked the popularity of most men. The external conditions of the country no longer demanded a large body of police, and he gradually reduced their numbers from seven hundred to about one hundred, at the same time creating a volunteer force of some five hundred for defence, at a cost of about £4 per man per annum. In the meantime he arranged the provisioning of the country for the coming wet season, reorganized the civil service as economically as possible, and visited the various isolated mining communities at Umtali, Victoria and Fort Charter, which were devoid of any means of inter-communication, save by mounted mes-

sengers over dangerous and difficult roads. At these so-called townships he dismissed inefficient officers, started hospitals and gaols, and generally dealt with the thousand-and-one matters that awaited the settlement of a supreme economic and administrative authority. Nor did he neglect any opportunity of visiting new gold discoveries, in order to ascertain for himself the nature of the reefs and the practical working of the new mining law. Moreover, as there was no judge or high-court machinery, he was himself, as chief magistrate, the court of appeal in civil and criminal cases. In all these matters he acted, as it were, in a dual capacity with a dual responsibility. As the official representative of a great Company, he had to study the interests of shareholders whose views were predominantly commercial. On the other hand, as standing in Rhodes' shoes, as representing his mind and ambitions, he had to consider the wider political and imperial issues of the situation. He had to drive a coach for the Chartered Company and one for Rhodes as well. But as a driving force he was remarkable, and few men have been able to inspire such zeal and energy from those who worked for them. Under these conditions he had to compromise, to carry out reforms with

judgment, and to temper economy with a certain munificence which assisted even the inefficient to settle on the land.

Despite his efforts he was, however, powerless to stem the current of general discontent and disappointment that prevailed. This found expression on the 12th September, 1891, at the banquet to commemorate the Occupation Day of the previous year, and the methods and officials of the Chartered Company were then savagely attacked in speeches that were undisguisedly revolutionary and hostile. The chief causes of complaint were the heavy tax of fifty per cent. on gold properties and the prohibitive rates of living. Transport from Kimberley was £80 per ton, and the ordinary necessities of life were almost unprocurable—jam cost ten shillings or even fifteen shillings, a tin; cigarettes, sixpence or a shilling each; whisky £20 the case, and other things in like proportion.

Jameson was not present at the banquet, but shortly afterwards took up his abode in Salisbury for the wet season. He at once compelled the leading grumblers to confront him with their complaints, and gave a sympathetic hearing to their various troubles and requests. Although fearless,

he ever sought to avoid giving offence, and was always ready to accept and put in force possible suggestions. Adamant in refusal if necessary, he was so human withal that the refused generally departed more mindful of his charm than their loss. Thus, under the influence of his presence, a great deal of the aggressive hostility to the Company soon disappeared.

In adapting himself to all the circumstances of this new environment, he displayed not only tact and foresight, but in a marked degree the supreme quality of common-sense. Practical horse-sense stamped his judgments and actions in every department. Without military or legal training of any kind, he shrank from no responsibility, and his word was law throughout the length and breadth of the land. Intolerant of methods that savoured of red-tapeism and circumlocution, he swept aside all forms of unnecessary professional etiquette, and relied entirely upon his own shrewdness. To a cavalry officer who had applied for promotion to major, he replied that he was quite willing to make him a general, but at captain's pay. In his judicial decisions, he avoided technicalities, and dealt out a ready-made justice after the fashion of Solomon. His wisdom in this respect justified itself, and if

a few soldiers or lawyers occasionally resented his disregard for unessentials; practical colonists and litigants rejoiced in the efficiency of an administration that maintained law and order, and organized the resources of the country under exceptionally difficult circumstances.

In October, 1892, the first trial for murder took place. There was no jury, but Jameson selected six prominent, responsible men to act as assessors with him. The case occupied two days, and during the last afternoon the rough mud-and-wattled court-house was packed densely with bare-armed, flannel-shirted men.

The hearing of the evidence closed dramatically. According to Roman-Dutch law, the prisoner was allowed to enter the witness-box to give evidence in his own behalf. A Jew, he swore with all the solemn customs of his race to speak the truth. The story he told was weak and unconvincing. Then came the psychological moment, when again, with every solemnity, pale with intense emotion, and placing his hat on his head, he swore before God and on his soul that he was innocent of the charge. The assessors left and returned in half an hour. In the sultrous and expectant stillness, Jameson rose to deliver their verdict, and his voice, generally

so insistent and clear, for once faltered, as, standing face to face with the accused, he pronounced the sentence of death. The primitive surroundings ; the grim perjury of the prisoner ; the dramatic sacrifice of his soul to save his life ; the evident emotion of Jameson and his assessors, all emphasized the inexorableness of justice even in that far land, and made this first murder trial more than usually impressive.

Not long afterwards, just as Jameson had sat down to dinner in the mess hut, a trooper galloped up and reported that a large body of townsmen were marching towards the gaol to lynch a native who had been condemned to death for the cold-blooded murder of a European and his wife and child. Without a second's delay, hatless, he ran towards the gaol, and some two hundred yards below it, saw about one hundred men advancing with ropes and ladders. Stepping to the front, and taking his stand on the crest of the hill, he began to address them. A few were drunk, but the majority were sober ; some held responsible positions, and one and all were stubbornly determined to avenge for themselves this dastardly native outrage. Jameson's manner was at first rather casual, and in a quiet, persuasive way he

appealed to the men to allow the law to take its natural course. His arguments were received in ominous silence, and after a few moments there was a movement amongst them towards the gaol, as if they would sweep him aside. At this, his manner instantly changed. He seemed seized with fury ; a Celtic passion of speech poured from his lips. With fierce emphasis of language, he drove home his points, sometimes to the crowd collectively, sometimes to individuals. Standing half-way between the swaying, darkened mass of humans that encircled him in front, and the shadowy outline of buildings silhouetted in his rear, his bare-headed figure and furious gestures had a singularly bizarre effect. But his desperate earnestness succeeded in arresting the attention of the lynchers, and a murmur of discussion arose in their midst. Eventually the leaders began to argue, and this gave Jameson his opportunity. He appealed to their common interests not to frighten away capital ; he called them individually and collectively "damned fools," and eventually, by promising that the native should be speedily hanged, he gained the day. Some there were whom he, as was ever his wont, had helped professionally when dire stricken with fever or sick-

ness ; and these grateful hero-worshippers, seeing how earnestly he was opposed to their intention, began to move down-hill towards the town. Others broke up in groups to discuss the matter, and at last the leaders went off with Jameson to friendly drinks in his own hut. Meanwhile the native had been taken from the defenceless mud walls of the gaol and galloped off into the veld, where he was kept until he was brought to his execution. Thus, by a mixture of tact, cleverness and determination, he overcame a very difficult occasion.

Never, perhaps, had the strength of his personal influence and magnetism been put to a severer strain. A will less fiercely determined, an Administrator less genuinely proved as a friend and as a man, would have been powerless to have stopped the deliberate purpose of this pioneer crowd. The authority of his office was of no avail, and he had to rely entirely on his personality to persuade these justly-angered men to allow the unemotional processes of ordinary law to effect their inadequate vengeance. His success was due to the sheer weight of a personal influence, that neither economic reforms on a large scale, nor the unkindly condition of a new country, nor the

disappointed hopes of an entire community had been able to weaken.

Ere long, however, his effective administration began to make itself felt, and by the beginning of 1893 the prospects, both for the settlers and for the Company, were bright and hopeful. Owing to the saving in expenditure, Rhodes had been able to finance a railway from Beira, and the work had already commenced. Telegraph lines had been laid as far as Victoria; roads had been made, and inter-communication established between the various townships; a postal system organized, surveys effected; and the new Gold Law had proved workable in almost every respect.

Despite the reduction of the police and the amateur nature of the judicial arrangements, life and property were almost as safe in these vast territories as in any European capital. The natives had been protected against themselves and against the whites, and the whites against the natives, and thus to a certain extent, Jameson had accomplished the task he had set himself to perform. He had, in fact, so administered and civilized these vast dominions of barbarism, that they were ready to receive any influx of capital or population that

might take place. So far, indeed, no phenomenal deposits of gold or precious stones had been discovered, but the comparatively little prospecting that had been done had proved that the country was highly mineralized; and on several reefs development work had shown very satisfactory results, while the wealth of the soil had induced many settlers to put their time and money into farming operations.

By April, 1893, miners, farmers, investors and shareholders were all justifiably optimistic on the rapid progress and prosperity of the country. Jameson, who had no expert knowledge of mining, shared in the general optimism, and sent home hopeful cables, especially on the gold outlook. But the cloud of Matabele trouble, for some time past hovering on the horizon, had by June assumed so definitely threatening an aspect, that for the moment all industrial progress was arrested and the entire community compelled to devote itself to preparing for war.

The organization, discipline, and ferocious fighting qualities of the Matabele had won for them a reputation which for years had held South Africa in awe. Not only professional soldiers who had visited the country, but even practical colonists

and hunters, shared a general belief in their almost unassailable strength.

Briefly stated, the history of events is as follows :—

Ever since the big annual dance at Bulawayo, at the beginning of the year, the young Matabele impis had been raiding the natives on the Mashonaland border, stirring up petty chiefs to fight, and utilizing every opportunity to harry them as of old, killing the men and carrying off the women and cattle. In June, they had cut the telegraph wires near Fort Victoria, but Lobengula denied that his people were guilty, and sent an impi to punish the Mashonas, whom he accused of the deed. The latter fled to Fort Victoria, pursued and killed by the Matabele even in the streets of the township. Jameson, who was there at the moment, gave them an hour to clear out over the border. They were impudent, and eventually, at Magola's kraal, three miles from Victoria, fired upon a small force that he had sent out to reconnoitre. The fire was returned; two indunas and several Matabele were slain, and the impi retired to Bulawayo. Jameson reported the matter to Lobengula, and demanded one thousand cattle as a fine for the invasion of the Chartered territory. After messages to and fro,

the latter agreed to pay the cattle on condition that the Mashona refugees were handed over to him. To this Jameson made no reply, and all communications between him and Lobengula ceased.

Up to this point Jameson's course had been clear ; and the community had, almost to a man, supported his policy and actions. The settlers had, in fact, threatened that they would leave the country in a body unless the Matabele were instantly punished, and the menace of further incursions removed. All work was more or less at a standstill ; waggon transports were unobtainable, and suspense and alarm prevailed on every side.

The prestige of the Chartered Company amongst the Mashonas and other native tribes, and the safety of all white men throughout the length and breadth of the land, made it imperative that the Matabele should be punished for their invasion of the Company's territory, and that their power should be broken. Under these circumstances, any ordinary Administrator, after strengthening the defences of Mashonaland, would have appealed to the Imperial Government to break the military power of a native organization that so dangerously menaced British progress and civilization. Jameson, however, was not the man to play a passive

rôle of this kind. His knowledge of South African history had implanted in him a distrust of Imperial and professional military methods of conducting native or other wars. The long delays, the indecision, the inevitable backings and fillings, the supreme capacity for waste of money, time and men which had in the past so often characterized Imperially-managed Colonial campaigns, would have spelt ruin to Mashonaland, as well as to the Company and to Rhodes. He believed that the only way to meet the situation was, with a mobile force of his pioneers, to assume the aggressive—to fight the Matabele in their own country, and march across rivers and through forests direct to Bulawayo. The risks and responsibility of this plan were tremendous. Defeat would mean not only ruin to everyone concerned, but possibly the massacre of every white inhabitant in Mashonaland—in fact, there would have been nothing to check the march of the victorious impis to the sea. Old colonists and experienced men wagged their heads in solemn warning, and even some of the pioneers themselves doubted the feasibility of Jameson's idea. But nothing turned him aside from his purpose. Deaf to arguments, he also refused to

recognize any impossible difficulties. Cock-sure himself, he inspired Rhodes and others with his cock-sureness. For two months of desperate worry and anxiety he rested neither night nor day, ever travelling backwards and forwards between Salisbury and Victoria, enthusing, recruiting, and in every way organizing for a punitive force to advance into Matabeleland as soon as possible. With the same splendid pioneer material to his hand that, in the face of alarmist prophecies of every kind, had so staunchly marched into Mashonaland; and mindful of the other desperate expeditions he had already so triumphantly carried through, the whole bent of his temperament urged him to take the risk, however momentous, and to seize the occasion which he and his destiny had created.

The High Commissioner, however, who had been in frequent communication with Lobengula, ordered Jameson not to press the matter of the cattle fine, and forbade him to make any aggressive movement unless attacked. This enforced inaction indefinitely complicated the difficulties of the position. The whole business and progress of the country was paralyzed. The expenditure of the Company in military preparations was enormous. The wet

season was near at hand, and Lobengula was already organizing his impis and making every preparation for defence or attack. Fortunately, on the 5th of October, the Matabele themselves removed this *impasse* by attacking a patrol of the Imperial British Bechuanaland Police. As the High Commissioner had no authority to send up Imperial troops from Cape Town, he mobilized a mixed force of Bechuanaland Police and Chartered Company's recruits, under Colonel Goold-Adams; at the same time withdrawing his injunctions, he gave Jameson a free hand to attack if he wished. It was, however, no easy matter to raise a volunteer unpaid force, and it strained Jameson's tact and persuasiveness to the utmost to overcome the various frictions and difficulties that arose, and to finally get every man to sign for service. There had naturally been a good deal of heroic talk, which was not always readily translated into action. Jameson himself, in writing of his experiences at this crisis, said: "This is the first and last time I shall ever lead an army." To a little coterie of swagger young Englishmen who demanded commissions, he replied, "Very well, I make you all captains; but you must all carry rifles, and get troopers' pay," and the compromise

had soothed their vanity without reducing their efficiency. On the 11th, he addressed the Victoria troops on parade and marched out with them, joining the Salisbury column at Iron Mine Hill, sixty-five miles from Salisbury, on the 16th of October.

The combined force, under the command of Major Forbes, consisted of, roughly, seven hundred Europeans, five hundred horses, two thousand five hundred natives, including Cape boys, six maxims, five other quick-firing guns, and thirty-seven waggons. No tents or baggage were carried. Jameson roughed it with the others, sleeping in the open and served with the same rations. In fact, in this respect he was worse off than most, as his mess companion invariably ate his sugar ration as well as his own. Although holding no military rank, he was first in authority in all counsels of war, and was the moving spirit on every occasion. He even accompanied the midnight scouting expedition to burn down the big military kraal of the Insukameni regiment. Cigarette in mouth, and a small black riding-whip in hand, no spurs, and in plain grey riding suit, lace boots and gaiters, with an old grey hat on his head, his figure was always on the spot where the fighting was keenest or the situation most critical. His only weapon

was a revolver, which was never fired till several days after arrival in Bulawayo, when, seeing it lying on his box, he said, "Let us go and shoot some of these native dogs."*

During the two fierce attacks on the laagers he walked up and down smoking, and was, even during the hottest firing, apparently an indifferent spectator. At Shangani he was furious with Major Wilson for exposing himself, and shouted, "Get off that box, you silly ass; you are much more use alive than dead," and at last rushed forward himself and pulled away the box upon which Wilson was standing. At the Bembesi fight he picked up a rifle, saying, "I have never shot at a man in my life. I wonder what it is like," and as a sort of curious experience fired one or two shots into the attacking natives in the bush. Here a great disaster befell him, as, during the thick of the fight, some miscreant stole his very precious cigarettes, which were stowed away in one of his boots. However, to celebrate the victory that evening, he produced, as a rare luxury, the pot of jam that had been presented to him as the column had started.

* The camp was swarming with packs of native dogs; unowned mongrels of a most useless and mischievous kind.

His star was in the ascendant, and the fortune of war favoured him from the start. Owing to divided councils amongst themselves, the Matabele allowed the column to pass unattacked through the Sambula forest, and on the 24th to cross unmolested the Shangani river at a bad place. Owing to these tactics, the pioneers were compelled to laager in the afternoon in a weak position on the other side of the river. Meanwhile, the Matabele, some seven thousand strong, had planned, about 10 p.m., to make a night rush with the assegai upon the laager. A series of the merest and most unexpected off-chances, however, upset their plans. In the first place, in order to show the laager's position to a belated patrol that had not returned, Major Forbes sent up a rocket at 8 p.m. This chance rocket so disconcerted the superstitious enemy that they decided to delay their attack till dawn. Even then, the fortunate accidental discharge of one of the Matabele rifles, as they commenced their advance, revealed their movements, and compelled them to abandon their intention of rushing the laager with assegai, and to open fire along the whole line. Moreover, their charge in the front of the laagers was weakened by the failure of one of their regiments to arrive in time. Despite, however,

these three chance-favouring circumstances, this first attack, made in the faint light of the setting moon, when it was difficult to locate the enemy, and to render the firing at all effective, was a very serious one. Some few of the Matabele, indeed, got up to within eighty yards of the laager. The second attack, at about 4.30 a.m., when the sun was shining, was much more easily dealt with. But had the assegai rush taken place at 10 p.m., as originally intended, Jameson's force would have had a desperate night struggle before them, and the whole course of South African history might have been changed.

The following day Jameson suffered a keen personal loss in the death of Captain Gwenyth Williams, whose horse bolted with him amongst the enemy. The advance continued, and daily skirmishes occurred till the column reached the Bembesi River on the 1st of November. Here they were unexpectedly attacked at noon by a large force of Matabele belonging to the older and more trained regiments. The position of the laager was not good, the fire of the enemy was well maintained, and they very nearly succeeded in capturing the whole of the horses, which had stampeded. Eventually, however, after about two hours' severe

fighting, the impis, who had suffered heavily, retired in some confusion.

The next day the pioneers marched to within thirty miles from Bulawayo. By evening, scouts returned, and reported that the place was partially in flames and deserted, save for two white men found on the roof of Dawson's store; that the king's waggons, ivory and effects had been removed, his houses blown up, and that he himself had fled. Early on the following morning, the 3rd of November, a small patrol was sent in advance to Bulawayo. Jameson remained behind, but ever impatient to get on, at last ordered his horse, and seeing a well-known Rhodesian standing by, said to him, "Come with me; we have more chance of getting something to eat in the kraal than if we stop here!" Shortly after starting, however, the man's horse gave out, and Jameson rode on alone with his servant.

Pushing on, late in the afternoon he arrived in sight of Bulawayo. A solitary, rough-garbed civilian, he stopped to gaze as conqueror upon the deserted huts and still smoking embers of that citadel of ferocious savagedom. From blackened walls, blue wreaths of smoke curled silently upwards through stillness and heat to the great, silent

expanse above. On the right, a few tottering stakes marked the spot whereon, three years previously, Jameson had been acclaimed induna of the royal regiment. Behind them could be seen the dismantled ruins of the medicine-kraal, that temple of insensate witchcraft, that laboratory of organized murder and rapine, wherein Lobengula, a necromancer surrounded by necromancers, had so often determined in what direction his bloodthirsty impis should fall upon the unnerved men, the defenceless women and children, of the surrounding tribes. At one swoop, as it were, Jameson had hurled him and his myrmidons from power, had delivered from their historic fear thousands of terrorized natives; had made possible the march of civilization throughout the length and breadth of that South African Hinterland; had added an immense and wealthy territory to our Empire; and had converted the concessions of the Chartered Company into great freeholds, extending from the Zambesi in the north to the Portuguese territories on the south and east. The pride of achievement was his; but much as had been done, much still remained to be done, and gathering up his reins, he crossed the stream, and cantered up the slope into the ruined kraal.



BULAWAYO IN 1893.

Here he took up his quarters, living in a deserted hut by day, and sleeping within the laager of waggons by night. His position was a trying one, as it was impossible to follow up his victories and pursue Lobengula until the slow-moving waggons from the south had arrived with provisions. While impatiently awaiting their arrival, he heard that, shortly after he had started from Iron Mine Hill, Lobengula had sent two peace envoys to Colonel Goold-Adams at Tati, and that they had been shot under a misapprehension. He also learnt that the day after his victory at Bembesi, the Bechuana-land Police force had defeated the Matabele at Shangesi Spruit, on the southern borders of Matabeleland.

The news was good so far as it went, but discontent had broken out amongst the pioneer column, and only a certain number volunteered for further service under Major Forbes in pursuit of the king. Moreover, the arrival of Commandant Ralf and his Transvaal recruits in the unprovisioned camp at Bulawayo did not make the situation easier. On the 4th of December, however, in the midst of his anxiety, Rhodes suddenly appeared. So unexpected was he, that Jameson told the messenger who brought him the news, "not to be an

ass." He was, in fact, only just in time to gallop out and meet Rhodes two miles from Bulawayo.

Such a meeting, under such conditions, justified some expressions of congratulation or jubilancy; but by virtue of their mysterious understanding, the two partners did not even shake hands. Casually nodding to each other, they plunged at once into the practical necessities of the situation. A few days later came the news—the heart-stirring news of the fate that had befallen Major Allan Wilson's force in their pursuit of Lobengula—and of their epic fight to the death in the face of overwhelming Matabele. Realizing the desperate plight of the survivors, Rhodes and Jameson, as soon as possible, set out with such provisions and necessities as were procurable.

On the 16th of December, the troops, with the exception of a force left at Inyati, returned to Bulawayo. On the 21st they were paraded, addressed by Rhodes, and dismissed, each man receiving a farm. By this time stores and canteens in abundance had sprung up, and Bulawayo, now converted from a military into a mining camp, threatened for a moment to become an Alsatia. The administrative machinery was not yet in

working order, and hardly adequate to deal with a certain number of desperados, who became such a menace to the community, that Jameson threatened to turn the guns upon them unless they left the country.

He himself had a narrow escape, saved only by his presence of mind. Lying one afternoon on his bed in his tent, a burly, drunken prospector suddenly lurched inside, and drawing his revolver, said, " You are a good old doctor, but I am b——y well going to shoot you." Jameson remained motionless, puffed a whiff of cigarette smoke through his lips, and coolly replied, " Yes, that's all right ; but don't you think you had better have a drink first ? " The man agreed. Jameson called his servant and told him to take him to the canteen, at the same time pointing with his finger, not to the canteen, but to the police camp. Off went the prospector, quite pleased, but soon discovered the ruse. A desperate struggle took place ; the servant was thrown heavily to the ground, and the prospector was only just overtaken by the police as he was re-entering the tent, revolver in hand, and black murder in his heart.

The man was imprisoned, but shortly afterwards demonstrated his homicidal mania by escaping

from gaol and training the maxim gun on the race-course during a meeting. Fortunately, the shots went high, and no one was killed, but some of the jockeys had a narrow escape.

Rhodes left on the 23rd of December, but Jameson remained to face the innumerable difficulties and anxieties in connection with the settlement of the country and its administration.

Its scheme was similar to that which was in force in Mashonaland. Postal service and heliographic communications were established. Forts were built at Bulawayo, Mangwe and Fig-tree Camps, and roads opened in various directions ; hospitals and prisons erected in the township. Meanwhile, the volunteers, who had been disbanded on Christmas Day, had been busy pegging out the farms and claims to which they were entitled. By the end of January over nine hundred farm rights and nearly ten thousand gold claims were registered. Those who wished to return to the place of their enlistment had received from the Chartered Company rations to enable them to do so ; while those who elected to remain had been supplied with such stores and tools as were available.

Shortly after the fall of Bulawayo Jameson had taken steps to let the Matabele know that all

those who came in and surrendered would be allowed to return to the kraals in time to plough and sow, and would also receive a certain number of the captured cattle. By the end of January, 1894, several of the chief indunas and thousands of married Matabele with their amaholis, or dependants, had surrendered their guns and assegais. Many had accepted work, while the others had gone to their kraals to till their lands. A boy of thirteen handed in his assegai and shield, saying, "I am tired of fighting the white man, and want to live at peace with him in the kraal." The settlement of all these matters involved an incessant attention to detail, but on the whole, matters worked out smoothly, and Jameson's chief troubles arose from the interference of the Home Government in a country it had done so little to acquire.

But for the accident of such an Administrator as Jameson in Mashonaland, it is quite certain that sooner or later the task of breaking up the aggressive militarism of the Matabele would have fallen upon the Imperial authorities, whose methods, even if successful, would, judging from past experience, have been very expensive in blood and money. The Chartered Company, however, without involving the Home Exchequer in anything but

fractional expense, had accomplished this task and acquired Matabeleland. Moreover, by virtue of its proved capacity to administer newly-acquired territories, and of the demonstrated beneficence of its native rule, the Company, by every rule of the game, was entitled to a free hand in the settlement of affairs, especially native affairs, in Matabeleland.

There was no reason or justification for attempting to hamper Rhodes and Jameson in this respect. But Downing Street plays a peculiar game of its own with regard to South African matters; and it at once set up a claim for Imperial interference in respect of the Matabele. The loudest agitators, needless to say, were those who were the least likely ever to leave their too comfortable English homes in order to put their theories about natives to an actual test. Such persons always suffer from an excess of imagination. It was not reasonable to imagine that a man like Rhodes—the author of the Glen Grey Act in Cape Colony, the beloved “Baba,” or father, of natives; or that a man like Jameson, who had protected natives over territory as vast as Europe, would act contrary to their self-interests, and introduce non-humane methods of government

for the Matabele. It is a curious misarrangement of affairs that can enable an ignorant, easy, and mischievous sentimentalism to hamper the difficult and delicate civilizing work of men of such character and experience as these.

Secondly, the Imperial authorities laid an embargo on the captured cattle, and it was impossible for Jameson and his Chartered Company officials to hand back to the surrendered Matabele the number of beasts they had been promised. Moreover, the presence of vast herds of animals of apparently doubtful ownership stimulated cattle-thieving both amongst whites and blacks, and on every possible scale. The task of repressing this additional trouble was, of course, thrown upon the Chartered Company, who had to organize a special body of police to patrol the roads to the Transvaal and elsewhere. Thirdly, these same Imperial authorities forbade the erection of townships throughout the country, thus definitely increasing the risk and hardship to prospectors, farmers, and others, who, in pursuit of their own interests, were also helping to develop and civilize the territory. Finally, as a supreme effort of home-made wisdom, they endeavoured to alter the tariff clause that Rhodes and Jameson had drafted in the new constitution that was being drawn up

for Rhodesia. Under this clause, Rhodesia was bound always and for ever to admit British-made goods at the current rates prevailing in Cape Town. Its object was to secure for British manufacturers the same advantages in Rhodesia that were granted them at the Cape. The Secretary of State for the Colonies, however, wished to erase the words "British-made goods" and to insert instead "all imported goods."

The effect of this would have been to gratuitously give to our commercial rivals equal rights in territories which we had recently annexed to our Empire, and to positively throw away the chance of securing therein advantages for ourselves. Such a short-sighted, unpatriotic policy is almost incredible; but it was only with the greatest difficulty that Rhodes was able to persuade the Government not to alter the original wording of his clause.

In the face of such cumulative evidence of the incapacity of Downing Street to deal with South African problems, small wonder is it that Rhodes and Jameson grew daily more and more conscious of their ability and fitness to think imperially and to act for the sub-continent.

So many and so difficult were the questions

connected with the settlement of Matabeleland, that it was not till May, 1894, that Jameson could return to his headquarters in Salisbury. His journey there was an unpleasant one, as his waggon broke down half way, and for three days he was wrecked on the veld.

After remaining in the latter place for some two months, he accompanied Rhodes to Umtali, and when nearing this township they met an armed force advancing to attack the native chief, Makoni. This action on the part of the magistrate was premature, and Rhodes' anger waxed hot against him. Jameson, however, threw himself into the breach, and eventually pacified both parties, and the magistrate afterwards became Rhodes' trusted friend and companion. After a brief stay at Umtali, the two partners went to the coast, and from thence to Delagoa Bay and Pretoria, where Rhodes had a final and a historic interview with Kruger.

Early in November, both left for England, and Jameson enjoyed the holiday and recognition he had so deservedly earned. On his last visit, in 1886, he was unknown outside a small circle of friends; but he returned in 1894 as a man whose personality had borne a foremost share in the making of history in South Africa. During these years he had carried

through with success epoch-making enterprises. He had pioneered and occupied a hinterland of considerable potential wealth and political importance. With tact and wisdom he had civilized these territories, maintaining law and order over hordes of natives, and over Europeans, lawless by instinct and circumstance. With iron determination he had broken the military organization of the Matabele, had destroyed their famous regiments, and converted some twelve thousand warriors into peaceful and almost industrious subjects.

In acknowledgment of achievements so strenuously Imperial and disinterested, Her late Majesty was graciously pleased to confer upon him the distinguished Order of Commander of the Bath. He had, indeed, earned rest and recognition, the congratulations of eminent men, the patronizing plaudits of sleek, stay-at-home hedonist citizens, the flattery and friendship of distinguished women. His professional friends and others welcomed him with complimentary dinners ; and on the 28th of January, 1895, His Majesty (then Prince of Wales) presided at his address to the Imperial Institute. For nearly two hours Jameson arrested a closely packed audience by a plain, lucid statement of the past making of Rhodesia, and of its prospects for the

future. His manner and delivery were singularly simple and natural. Ignoring absolutely anything he himself had done, he gave, as was right, all honour and glory to Rhodes, who sat, impressive and Sphinx-like, behind him. So effectively, indeed, did Jameson gloss over his own share in this Imperial work, that the great audience gained no hint, or even fleeting glimpse, of the self-sacrificing heroism and dare-devil leadership of the quiet-toned speaker, who so impersonally, and yet so vividly, aroused their interest.

This deliberate effacement of any reference to his own personal influence and power, to his own adventures and triumphs, formed the crowning wreath of a personality destined to greatness, of one whose deeds were great, but whose character was greater. But before the year was out, the laurels he had so deservedly gained and so modestly worn were to be torn ruthlessly from his brow and unctuously trampled under foot by the many who had then swelled the chorus of applause.

CHAPTER VI.

“ THE RAID.”

“ It matters little how a man lives if only he is true to himself ; it matters little what a man may lose if he remains what he really is.”

AMONGST many strange episodes in South African history the abortive Uitlander Revolution of 1895 is perhaps one of the strangest.

Its most conspicuous incident was the attempt by Jameson to lead an armed British force into Transvaal territory to Johannesburg, before any definite overt revolutionary act had been committed in that city. This was not quite in accordance with the prearranged revolutionary scheme ; but as Jameson has never explained to the world why he started when he did, the writer neither can, nor wishes to, break in upon the dignity of his silence in this respect.

Apart, however, from the Raid itself, Jameson unintentionally played a bigger part in this historic muddle than he intended. Free from any personal ambition of wealth or power, he was from the outset a disinterested but most uncom-

promising revolutionist. Strenuous as were his conscious efforts, the unconscious influence that he exercised by reason of his past phenomenal good fortune was perhaps greater. Reviewing the whole circumstances dispassionately, it is impossible to escape from the conclusion that an irresponsible optimism, and belief in "Jameson's luck," to a certain extent paralysed the wills and judgments of his fellow revolutionists. One and all did reverence, not so much to the man, as to his fortunate star, which, up to the very last, they expected to accomplish the miraculous and the improbable. Not that they confessed this superstition even to themselves, and certainly not to each other, but unconsciously it obscured their vision, and sapped their resolutions.

Jameson was equally under the spell. Believing absolutely in himself, and believed in by others, his past extraordinary successes had to a certain extent distorted his perspective. He and his fellow leaders were all hard-headed men, who in ordinary affairs had shown themselves pre-eminently businesslike, but obsessed by their amazing optimism, their revolutionary plans seem to have been singularly lacking in common-sense and practical organization.

The irony of the situation was all the greater because of the unquestioned personal courage of the responsible leaders in Johannesburg, the splendid financial resources at their control and the righteousness of their cause. The right of the Uitlanders to appeal to force in 1895 was unquestioned, and the sympathy of Western peoples was on their side. Between the unrelenting hostility of Krugerism on the one hand, and the declared impotency of the Imperial Government to interfere on their behalf on the other, they had of necessity to seek their own salvation as best they could. Although contributing nine-tenths of the taxation, they had in vain sought by legitimate means to obtain some adequate right of representation, some abatement of the corruption that permeated the political and commercial life of the community, sapping even the administration of justice. Kruger and his oligarchy had, however, laughed at their petitions and scorned their constitutional grievances. Nay more ; for out of the wealth of the Uitlander-provided revenue, they had purchased arms and built forts wherewith to further strengthen their racial dominion. The Uitlanders were, in fact, at the mercy of the President and his satellites, and if

ever circumstances justified a revolution, they did so in their case.

To their credit, the Anglo-Saxon community in Johannesburg refused to accept this intolerable position, or to go back on their claim to that adequate representation in respect of taxation which was instinct in their blood, and for which their forefathers had so successfully battled aforetime. Having exhausted every constitutional method, the political leaders in that city, together with their friends outside, determined upon a plan of revolution, and began to smuggle in arms.

Unfortunately, however, they did not appear to grasp the logical necessities of such a step. Revolution is a burning brand which must either be left absolutely alone, or wielded to the utter destruction of those it is meant to destroy. Like war, it is a distinct business, outside ordinary ethical considerations, justified as a means to an end, and as a desperate resort to be carried through by the fire of absolute conviction and faith. But, able as were the conspirators, their organization was defective. There was no revolutionist leader as such, no recognized centre, no chain of responsibility. They did not even clearly work out the details of their scheme ; relying upon Jameson's

luck to make good all that was wanting either in conviction or careful pre-arrangement. There was, in fact, so much play-acting and make-believe all round, that even to themselves the leading conspirators did not appear to admit the actual facts of the situation.

Nothing is more extraordinary than the manner in which these brainy financiers, who, as a rule, never accepted any statement unless supported by evidence, gulled themselves into believing that the Home Government deliberately approved the massing of the Chartered Company's police on the frontier to support their revolutionary plans. The murmur went round with a wink, and without any attempt at verification it was accepted as a fact.

Never, moreover, in the history of revolutions have women and children played so varied and so diverse a *rôle*. For Jameson they were the alleged pretext for an act of over-daring, and for a Raid; for the revolutionists they were the justification for a policy of cautious inaction and an armistice. To the former they were as a bluff for his police and the world generally. To the Reform leaders these same women and children were the *blague* whereby they bluffed themselves

into doing no bluffing at all. To complete the burlesque, the Boers were neither cannibals nor even savages, but Westerns, chivalrous by instinct towards womanhood, who, even if Jameson had succeeded in entering Johannesburg, would certainly have allowed these same women and children free egress before attack.

Then, again, there was so much mystery as to the arms and ammunition actually stored in Johannesburg, and so much hoodwinking of Kruger on one side, and of the populace on the other, that no one until the last moment, and after Jameson had started, seemed to know definitely the actual amount that had been smuggled in and unpacked. Approximately some two thousand rifles, five guns, and twenty thousand rounds of ammunition were all that was available at the actual moment, although a good deal more came in after the city had surrendered.

In the interests of the extraordinary business of revolution, Hampden and Cromwell threw their ordinary affairs to the winds; but the Johannesburg leaders were perforce obliged to cling to the respectable responsibilities of citizenship, and could only give spare time to the debating of revolutionary methods. It is an axiom of warfare that

complicated operations are dangerous, but even on paper the revolutionists' scheme was alarmingly complicated and difficult.

Briefly it ran somewhat as follows : The citizens to be roused and secretly armed ; an ultimatum to be sent to the Government, and, on its refusal, the arsenal at Pretoria to be taken by a coup on a certain date ; the person of the President to be seized ; a general rising to take place ; and a Provisional Government declared. Meanwhile Jameson was to be stationed at Pitsani, on the Transvaal border, to ride over with his police to the support of the Uitlanders thus plunged into civil war. A certain discretion was given to him as to the moment of his starting, but this was not to take place until he had received the signal from Johannesburg. The object of his appearance on the scene was so to strengthen the forces of the Uitlanders as to enable them to hold their own, if possible without fighting, until such time as the High Commissioner and Rhodes could arrive. These two were to act as mediators between the armed, outraged forces of the Republic on the one hand, and the militant but insufficiently armed Uitlanders on the other ; and, if this plan proved successful, a plebiscite was to be taken for a new form of government.

It was obviously a stupendous task to attempt to carry out such a conspiracy under the very eyes of a Government whose Intelligence Department was highly paid, and whose funds for buying information were unlimited. Moreover, the difficulties of the revolutionists were of no ordinary character. In the first place, as the finances were largely provided by friends outside, the organizers within the city were more in the position of agents than leaders. They had to refer situations, and seemed incapable of dealing with them on the spot as they arose. Secondly, the difficulty of smuggling in arms under the eyes of Kruger's ubiquitous secret service spies was very great. Thirdly, in a cosmopolitan and high-wage-earning community a political agitation had to be kept simmering that would border on revolution, but yet not play too soon into the hands of the armed forces of the Republic. Fourthly, the leaders discovered at the last moment that the date fixed for the blowing up of the arsenal at Pretoria coincided with the New Year's festival, or *Nacht Maal*, of the Boers, who flocked into that town for the occasion. Fifthly, they made no arrangement as to the nature of the revolutionist flag, and suddenly, at the last moment, found themselves hopelessly dis-

united on this point. Sixthly, for the purpose of preconcerted action with Jameson they had to try and keep pace with his arrangements, which were far in advance of their own. They were between the fires of desperate haste on the one hand and desperate secrecy on the other. Jameson himself was also in a very equivocal position at Pitsani; for at any moment the Boers might assemble in sufficient numbers to prevent his crossing the border, or the High Commissioner might order his police elsewhere. Even under the most favouring circumstances and the most perfect unanimity amongst themselves, a revolution of this sort cannot be manufactured to date like a garment.

Instead, however, of working out their plans beforehand definitely and in detail, the conspirators seem to have gone from stage to stage in a confused, half-hearted fashion, until suddenly confronted with the alternative of either having to fight Kruger with an inadequate supply of arms to hand, or else to throw themselves upon his mercy.

Quite early in December, Rhodes apparently foresaw the insuperable difficulties and futility of the whole business. In the presence of a witness he said to Jameson: "I think, after all, we had

better give it all up." Jameson is reported to have replied that it was then too late to do so, and to have argued so vehemently in favour of going on, that Rhodes allowed his saner judgment to go by default, and succumbed to that let-us-see-what-comes-of-it attitude that so disastrously illusioned these amateur revolutionists.

Rhodes' reasons for supporting the revolution in the first instance are obvious, but his continuance of that support after he had so clearly seen the seething complications of the whole business can only be explained by the fact that his clearness of vision was also obscured. No man, however great, can entirely free himself from the controlling influences of his early surroundings. From his youth up, Rhodes had lived in the fortune-worshipping atmosphere of mining camps, and amongst prospectors, miners, and others who, in their efforts to exploit mineral wealth, too often relied more upon luck than upon labour for their success.

Great statesman as he was, he had been, perhaps unconsciously, affected by the belief-in-luck atmosphere of his earlier years, and appeared unable to free himself from that irresponsible optimism about Jameson and his undertaking which he shared with so many others around him. It was,

however, during the last few critical days that the revolutionist leaders appeared more especially to fail in realizing either the acute nature of Jameson's difficulties, or their own acute necessity for taking adequate steps to prevent his starting. Jameson's telegrams of the 26th and the 27th had breathed defiance of any compromise, and his determination to leave on Saturday, the 28th, which was the date arranged. On that day he had wired that there would be no rising in Johannesburg unless he started.

Telegrams like these, from a man like Jameson, created a desperate situation, and one which obviously demanded desperate measures on the part of those who were by way of opposing his intention. But neither Rhodes nor the Johannesburg leaders took any adequate means to prevent him from taking the wholly un contemplated step of starting before they were ready. It is true that Rhodes sent more or less peremptory telegrams, urging Jameson to wait, and the leaders in Johannesburg did the same ; but instead of some of the latter going themselves to interview Jameson, they were fatuous enough to believe that two rather irresponsible messengers would dissuade the most determined man in South Africa from

carrying out that which he obviously intended and had openly threatened to do.

Such half-and-half measures at such a crisis revealed the 'twixt-and-between condition of their minds. They coquetted with circumstances. Their “No” was like the half-hearted “No” of a finessing woman, which really is a form of “Yes” awaiting the mastery of circumstance. Their capacity for determined action seemed to be in inverse proportion to the desperate need for it, and no one dared absolutely and irrevocably to oppose Jameson's luck.

Metaphorically, they were like passengers on board a steamer without crew or captain, who had planned to cut the hawsers and go out to sea. At the last moment, however, they all changed their minds except one man, who had been placed in charge of the lifeboat, and who had asked what was the good of his lifeboat if they were not going to carry out their original plan. They expostulated, but despite his determined threats to cut the ropes himself, took no hard and fast measures to prevent his doing so. He was as good as his word, and in a moment they all found themselves out at sea. Once, however, the deed was done, they confronted their danger with cool courage, and worked in every way possible to minimize the

catastrophe they had foreseen, but were too irresolute to avert.

History has acquitted Rhodes of entirely initiating the revolutionary idea. His position seems to have been somewhat that of a man who is compelled by the force of circumstances to take part in a play he has not written himself nor altogether approved. His co-operation, however, was essential to the Johannesburgers, who required his assistance for the smuggling in of arms, and for an armed force at the border on whose support they could rely. It was exceeding difficult for him to refuse to sanction the use of the Rhodesian Police for that purpose. Any Uitlander rising that might take place would be so entirely racial in character that it would have been impossible for the police force on the border, whether Imperial or Rhodesian, to have remained merely neutral and observant. Sir Henry Loch, the year before, had organized the Bechuanaland Police Force in the event of such an Uitlander outbreak in Johannesburg, and although Rhodes' position was entirely different, it was almost impossible for him to do less.

This racial aspect of the question especially appealed to him and to Jameson. They both

realized not only that the Britisher was deprived of his legitimate rights in the Transvaal, but that Kruger's policy increasingly threatened the whole British position in South Africa. The latter, moreover, in his last interview with Rhodes, in November, 1894, had definitely refused to enter into any railway or customs union. Vehemently opposed to any form of co-operation with the other South African states, his anti-British autocracy had become so aggressive that it was a menace to the peace of the sub-continent. In endeavouring to shut out Cape-carried produce from the Transvaal, and in closing the drifts even to waggons from the south, he had, so late as October of that year, very nearly plunged the whole country into war. At the same time, there were reasons to suppose he was dangling temptations before Germany; and certainly the sudden access of that country's influence in the Transvaal was no imaginary danger.

It is true that many of the Progressive Boers were in sympathy with the Uitlanders, but except by act of God or by a revolution, there seemed to be every probability that Kruger would flourish in his unenlightened political wickedness for many years to come. Time was on his side and against Rhodes,

who saw the goal of his enlightened statesmanship further off than ever, and who realized the hopelessness of any constitutional method of altering the position.

In favouring the idea of the revolution, both Rhodes and Jameson had probably in the back of their minds the hope that a Rhodes-inspired policy both in the Transvaal and Cape might once and for all establish British prestige and the progress of South Africa on federal and Imperial lines. In any case, it was impossible for them to stand by with folded hands and see Krugerism develop itself unchecked, or to refuse to lend their aid to those in Johannesburg who had resolved to overthrow his authority.

Under these circumstances Rhodes agreed to allow the Chartered Company's police to be used, and obtained from the Imperial Government a strip of land in Bechuanaland, quite close to the Transvaal border, whereon they could assemble. Doubtless all the thousand-and-one details of the conspiracy were laid before him, but it is uncertain if he gave his whole mind to their consideration. The influenza from which he suffered during much of the time that the plans were under discussion is in some way responsible for the lack of

the adhesiveness, foresight and anticipation of difficulties which were so generally characteristic of his work. It is, moreover, a curious fact that from the moment he turned his face from the north the hand of fate seemed against him.

The same reasons that induced Rhodes to co-operate in the revolution appealed also to Jameson. His whole past, and especially his six years of adventureship and power, had ripened him for the occasion. Mr. Garrett narrates that, long before any revolutionary scheme had been considered or crystallized, he was one afternoon in March, 1895, reading the history of Clive on the stoep at Government House, Bulawayo. Public indignation was at that moment aflame against Kruger, because of the fresh disabilities he had placed upon Britishers seeking representative rights. Suddenly Jameson looked up, and exclaimed: "I have a jolly good mind to march straight down off the plateau with the men I have here, and settle the thing out of hand. The idea of South Africa going on being trodden upon by this Pretoria gang is absurd. I have a good mind to get the fellows together and start to-morrow, *viâ Tati*."

A friend somewhat drily pointed out the un-

feasibility of such a project, and an argument ensued. At last Jameson, banging the book down on his knee, said : " You may say what you like, but Clive would have done it."

From the first he had entered heart and soul into the conspiracy. Half-hearted in nothing, the impracticability and difficulties of the scheme seemed to act as a spur to his energy, and the words " impossible " or " compromise " were absolutely banished from his mind. He became, in fact, the centre of revolutionary activity, and took upon himself the direction of the whole business.

The hypnotic influence of a leader upon his followers is too often reflected back by them upon himself, and their faith and obedience act as a further stimulus to his over-confidence. During the past five years everything had given way before the impetuous onslaught of his fiery will. He had over-persuaded ferocious and hostile chiefs ; had ruled forcible men forcibly ; had, single-handed, turned back, and bidden return whence they came, the sullen-browed Boer trekkers ; had overthrown Lobengula and his impis, and led his civilian force victorious to Bulawayo. Actor and audience were alike upset by a career so signally dominant and successful. But despite his marvellous vitality,

the hardships of the past years had already strained his powers to the utmost. It was rest that his organism required, and not the added excitement, responsibility, physical fatigue and high nervous tension of this hopeless conspiracy. Scarce had the work of occupying, developing and administering Rhodesia been finished, than the task of manufacturing this revolution had begun. The human brain resents abnormal effort, and either snaps or warps, In Jameson's case it did not snap, but apparently he had begun to believe that one or two men can always succeed in hustling big historical or national movements.

In this spirit he had prophesied over bravely, and as the strain of trying to whip everything into readiness by a certain date became greater, so did he more and more appear to get out of touch with the actualities of the situation. His telegrams ignored every consideration except that the date fixed for his departure had arrived.

He appeared to under-estimate the resistance of the Boers, and to minimize the very serious difficulties of the revolutionists in Johannesburg, which he dismissed as mere frivolous pretexts. To stir up a lion with a walking-stick is sheer lunacy, and the conspirators in that city were not

so mad as to risk civil war with Kruger with only two thousand rifles and ten rounds of ammunition per rifle.

It is one of the penalties of a great leader that he cannot delegate his leadership to others, and must himself be on the spot to inspire the necessary enthusiasm and work. Jameson's efforts in this respect before the Matabele War were as nothing to his journeyings in connection with this revolution. From start to finish, his personal presence was necessary in order that the various actors might be kept up to revolutionary pitch. During the last six months of 1895 he travelled incessantly; his energy was terrific. At one moment in Bulawayo carrying out his ordinary duties as Administrator, and, in addition, controlling the secret arrangements for mustering the police at Pitsani. Then down in Cape Town conferring with Rhodes, overcoming his opposition and distrust, and spurring him into half-hearted acquiescence. From there to Johannesburg, compelling the leaders to bring their debates to practical issue, to fix definite plans and dates, inducing them to write him the famous letter of invitation, and then, with fateful persuasiveness, preventing them from retrieving their action.

That Jameson should have returned to Pitsani during the last few critical days instead of going to Johannesburg appears to have been a fatal misarrangement. No doubt there was a difficulty about the troopers at Pitsani, who might have hesitated to follow any other leader ; but their officers were his personal friends, and ready to give implicit obedience to his commands. His word to them was law from wherever sent and however delivered. Had he remained in Johannesburg and wired "Return," grumbling and astonished, they would have led their men back to the parade grounds of Rhodesia ; "Ride," and they would have ridden, and the men would have followed, especially if the order to "ride" was supported by an actual overt rebellion within Johannesburg. If, for some fictional purpose, a civilian official was necessary to the force, any Rhodesian magistrate would have answered the purpose. In Johannesburg Jameson would have been the man of blood and iron, who would have gathered unto himself the desperate spirits of that city, and somehow or another have carried out the contemplated coup in Pretoria. Whatever the result, at all events this would have been a desperate and wholly justifiable stroke by the

Uitlanders within the Republic, and, therefore, far more in keeping with the revolutionary idea than a desperate wholly unjustifiable attempt from without.

Possibly some consciousness of this mistake may have come to Jameson as he lay on his camp-bed at Pitsani, his already fevered temperament chafing almost to exasperation at the complications and delays that were daily arising. He had arrived at this spot on the 24th, and the date fixed for his ride was the 28th. So far as his force was concerned, everything was in readiness. On that narrow strip of newly-acquired British territory, scarce three miles from an invisible and map-made boundary, some five hundred men, horses and guns had been collected and exercised. Within the Transvaal, and at convenient distances along the route of the proposed march to Johannesburg, were the relays of horses and the provisions so expensively arranged for the undertaking. Although the object of the expedition was not generally known, a sense of impending events hung over the camp. This, however, did not allay the discontent, and even desertion, that prevailed both amongst the Charter Police, who had been at Pitsani since the 29th of November, and amongst

the newly re-enlisted men from the disbanded Bechuanaland Police Force. The increasing restless and uncertain temper of his whole force was one amongst the many of Jameson's great anxieties. There was, however, nothing to be done—nothing but to await the signal from Johannesburg. But as the appointed date drew near, there came from that city and from Cape Town the messengers and telegrams to Jameson, telling of unpreparedness, of unexpected difficulties, of necessity for postponement. Meanwhile also from his own spies came in, hour by hour, reports of unaccountable movements of the Boers on his front. It was evident that at any moment the action of the Boers or of the High Commissioner might make it impossible for him to cross the border, even if Johannesburg, relying upon his promised assistance, sent the signals. Matters had, in fact, by this time gone so far that he must either retire or advance, but in the uncertainty as to the real state of affairs in Johannesburg, he could not then desert his post and return to Rhodesia. His expedition had been equipped at enormous expense for the sole purpose of rendering at the right moment armed and organized assistance, and it was im-

possible for him to be the first to throw up the sponge, and to be held responsible for all time for failing Johannesburg in her stress and need.

But more serious still were the indications that the revolution as planned was fizzling out in Johannesburg; that a compromise of some sort with Kruger was possible; and that exposure must follow. However unsatisfactory a compromise might be to the Johannesburgers, it was clear that Rhodes would be the real sufferer and victim. Armed with full knowledge of all the revolutionary steps that had been taken, Kruger could afford to ignore everyone else, and to concentrate his attack in undermining Rhodes' political and Imperial position in South Africa. On the other hand, to start to time, regardless of the fact that Johannesburg was not ready, was to prematurely crystallize the chaos of existing affairs into definite action, and to commit one and all to the aggressive plan of revolutionary campaign that had been originally contemplated.

Moreover, apart from such obvious considerations as these, every experience in the past had taught Jameson that resolute action was a marvellous solvent of anticipated difficulties, and as

if by magic, was capable of converting anticipated disaster into success. To resolve and to act had ever been synonymous terms with him. Again and again he had desperately converted forlorn hopes to victories. Although unable to direct the simplest military movement, and without any technical military knowledge, his had been the brain and will of the Matabele campaign. The issues of peace and war had lain in his hands ; his had been the responsibility for suspending or hurling attack, for the grim rattle and red silence of conflict. His had been the assumed indifference of victory, the assured conviction of resolution asserted and justified.

The whole bias of his temperament revolted against doing nothing, which meant retiring, and prompted him to go on, even if he had to dash forward in the face of the greatest possible uncertainty and difficulty. Very seldom in history has such a peculiar combination of circumstances awaited the decision of one man, and a man of such loyalty and such an exceptional combination of qualities as Jameson. Tremendous, however, as were the issues, a decision had to be made, and he alone could decide. Around him were his trusted and trusting officers. The horses

in the lines, and the resolute men at his command, insistently asserted themselves to his view ; while the orders of the officers and the many-toned sounds of the camp rang in his ears. In front lay the open veld, and some hundred miles distant were further relays of horses and provisions, while some eighty miles beyond was Johannesburg itself, waiting and irresolute. It was psychologically a very unfair moment ; his body was racked with fever, his nerves strung to the uttermost, and catastrophe threatened from every side. In moments such as these the supreme ethical responsibility is that of a man to be true to himself and to his ideals. Certain it is that Jameson believed in the righteousness and the necessity of supporting at that time a revolution in Johannesburg ; and that during the whole of his career no whisper had been heard of any stain upon a life of great unselfishness, of scrupulous honour and loyalty, on a character incapable of any meanness or littleness.

Apart, however, from the mystery that still remains as to Jameson's motives for his decision on this occasion, it has been rightly held to be an International crime to lead an armed force into the territory of a neighbouring state, which in the

language of diplomacy was then at peace with this country.

Once Jameson had started, he was temperamentally incapable of turning back, even if circumstances had made it possible. Neither quaint letters from Boer Commandants, nor emphatic instructions from the High Commissioner, nor Boer rifles, nor outlawry, nor the determination of the Johannesburgers to remain within their gates, could cause him to falter a single moment from his resolve to reach that city. Seldom have men been led by a leader so inflexible, and seldom has a leader been followed by men so inflexibly enduring, as were those five hundred Rhodesian troopers, who, even in a forsaken cause, maintained a discipline and a courage wholly worthy of their race.

Except in matters of policy, such as the liberation of Lieutenant Eloff, and the insistence on a letter of warning being sent to the Commandant at Krugersdorp, Jameson took no part in the disposition of the force, or of the technical military matters of the ride. He had done his utmost to arrange for provisions and for change of horses along the route, and if these failed, he was not responsible. Not his to decide whether the column should walk

or trot, when or where they should rest, in what order they should march. But when disaster came fast and furious, when the nemesis of his overbearing action hurled him within a few hours from the pinnacle of trusted honour as Administrator of his Queen to the position of an outlaw, deserted, entrapped, surrounded by those who had his life at their mercy, he remained greater than his *débâcle*. No burden of responsibility could bend or snap the steel-like qualities of his spirit. The same superb qualities of leadership, the same fearlessness, stoical control, and sensitive regard for others that had distinguished his triumphs were more than ever conspicuous as catastrophe followed catastrophe, and defeat was crowned by indignity and imprisonment. "I am all right, but should like a force sent out to us," was his final message to Johannesburg, when in the last grey dawn of freedom, he surveyed his exhausted and haggard-eyed force, almost defenceless against the deliberate rifles of the enclosing, overwhelming Boers. It was a splendid lie—a pæan of defiance at a moment of direst stress and anxiety, a scorn and a challenge to Fate from one who had ever remained indomitable. But his fortune had for the moment utterly deserted him, and the stars

that during the Matabele campaign had fought on his side were now phalanxed against him, and every chance favoured the enemy.

At the very outset, the man entrusted to cut the wires from Zeerust to Pretoria in a moment of drunken stupidity cut the wires of an ordinary fence instead. Ignorant of the trick that fortune had thus played him, Jameson paraded his men at three o'clock on Sunday afternoon, the 29th of December, and made them a speech, of which, unfortunately, there is no authentic record. Nothing was written, and the memories of his audience differ. Certain it is that one and all agreed to follow him, and not a man fell out. At six-thirty that evening, wearing a light overcoat over civilian clothes, he placed himself at the head of his forces, leading them forth into the open plain, across the invisible line that divided the dominions of his Sovereign from those of President Kruger.

All through that night they rode, dusky figures moving shadow-like across the ocean-like veld, till in the stillness of early dawn they swept through the peaceful hamlet of Malmani. Vrouws and startled children, youngsters and bearded patriarchs rushed to their stoeps to gaze, frowsy-eyed and amazed, at the strange cavalcade galloping

through their midst. Just beyond the village were Colonel Raleigh Grey's men from Mafeking, and with only here and there an off-saddle, the combined force rode on through the burden and heat of that day, until by evening they had crossed the dangerous defile of the lead mines.

They were now seventy-eight miles from Pitsani, and over a hundred miles lay before them. Of food so far there had been abundance, but the too brief and too frequent off-saddles had given them time neither to digest nor rest, and already their limbs ached and their eyes were heavy with lack of sleep. But on they went through the second night as through the first, and at dawn of the Tuesday reached the farm where the remounts were being grazed by a Dutchman. So unconscious, however, was he of the part he was playing, that he naïvely asked Jameson as he rode up: "Jameson, what do you come bothering me like this for?" By some great mismanagement most of the horses were old coachers whom it was waste of valuable time to attempt to saddle or ride, and with a very few exceptions the men stuck to the horses they started with. At Doornpoort, ninety-one miles from Pitsani, came the first messenger from the High Commissioner, handing to Jameson

and to each officer separate instructions to retire. With merely a verbal reply that the despatches would be attended to, the advance was continued, and that evening, near Boon's Store, up rode Lieut. Eloff, demanding by what right they were invading the Transvaal. He was promptly put under arrest, until Jameson insisted on his being liberated and his arms returned him. Still on they spurred, and shortly before midnight, when crossing a rocky wooded ridge, received their baptism of fire from a small party of Boers in their flank. One man was wounded and the youngest hour of the New Year ushered in with blood.

Early next morning (Wednesday) came a messenger to Jameson from Pretoria, bearing a peremptory cable from the High Commissioner, informing him that his action was “repudiated,” and he would be held “personally responsible” for his most “unauthorized proceeding.” He replied in writing that his supplies were exhausted, and he must perforce proceed to Krugersdorp or Johannesburg. Without pause, they continued the march, and at ten o'clock two cyclists arrived from Johannesburg. From them Jameson learnt that the Johannesburgers had made no overt act against the Transvaal Government. Jameson replied :

“Tell Colonel Rhodes we are all right ; the only thing is, it might perhaps be as well to send out an escort—say, two hundred men—to conduct me in to show I am not coming as a pirate.”

At midday Krugersdorp was sighted, with Johannesburg only twenty miles distant. Hind's Store, a few miles on, was soon reached, where, for some unexplained reason, there was hardly any supply of provisions, and even water was scarce. Here Jameson's servant procured him some eggs, but he would not touch them, refusing fare that his men could not get, and contented himself with a morsel of hard biscuit dipped into coffee.

They had now traversed some one hundred and fifty miles in seventy hours, with only ten off-saddles, and were so wearied that both horses and men slept as they stood. With the Boers massing in their rear, any lengthy rest was impossible, and with almost mechanical effort the dog-wearied men and horses moved forward till, four miles beyond the store, they confronted the Boer position on the opposite hill. Then came the shelling of Krugersdorp and the futile charge of the advance guard upon the Queen's battery. Later, between 2 and 3 p.m., when apparently the maxims and seven-pounders had cleared the opposite ridge,

the order was given to charge. Down the slope rode two troops, while the Boers opposite held their fire till men and horses had galloped headlong into the vlei* below, and, struggling and horseless, were easy targets to their pitiless rifles.

Less than half escaped back to the main body, and a desperate effort was then made to outflank the enemy on the right and gallop straight away in the dusk to Johannesburg. Scarce, however, had they started when heavy firing was heard in the direction of Krugersdorp on the left, and thinking that at last their friends had come to their rescue, they turned aside, hastening towards this new objective. But Fortune was again tricking them, adding irony to the cup of their troubles, and they soon learnt that the firing came from the enemy, who were letting off salvos to welcome their own reinforcements. An invaluable opportunity was thus lost. To retrace their steps was impossible, for darkness was now falling upon the land, and in the fast-fading light the Boer forces could be distinguished closing in upon them from the south, east and west.

There was nothing for it but to bivouac in the best shelter available. Foodless, racked with

* *Vlei*, Swampy ground.

fatigue and dispirited by defeat, they sought what cover was obtainable within a slight natural depression below the slope of the hill. In darkness, save for one lantern for use amongst the wounded, they huddled together, and the silence of desperate men in a desperate position was only broken by the occasional sounds from the ambulance and the ting-ting of the bullets that now and again showered over and around them on every side. Three times during the night did the Boers pour in their volleys. Two troopers were killed and a few wounded, and for the rest the conditions were not conducive to sleep.

Despite everything, Jameson was outwardly confident and unworried. Twice he visited the wounded, making one or two suggestions, and with here and there an encouraging remark to men in obvious distress. For some time in low tones he discussed the morrow's plans with his officers, even then hopeful that things would work out right as soon as he could come within the environs of the city and rally the armed miners around him. Afterwards, leaving the group, he lay down, wrapt in his overcoat, a little apart. Perhaps he slept; perhaps in the isolation and darkness his soul faced quietly the naked happenings of the past

three days, and the uncertain, significant future. Certain it was that his wanton gallop had not constrained the Johannesburgers to join issue with him, that Britons and Dutchmen had been slain for a cause that was as yet no cause, and that he alone was responsible. By 3 a.m. he was up, and despatched his second "I am all right" message to Johannesburg, quite unconscious that messengers were then speeding forth to inform him of the High Commissioner's proclamation, calling upon "all British subjects" to abstain from giving the said Dr. Jameson any countenance or assistance, and also of the Reform Committee's armistice with President Kruger.

At 4 a.m. his force silently mounted, and by a series of rushes and charges in the face of persistent fire made good their advance for some eight or nine miles, over broken ground and amid the dumps and shafts of mining properties. At about 7 a.m. he received his sentence of formal outlawry, and for an hour at least gave no sign—grimly uncommunicative while yet a bare chance remained that he and his force should gain their objective. But the sword of mischance flamed before him at every turn. A mere stranger—a chance Cape Colonist—showed the almost out-

paced Boers a drift over the vlei whereby they could head back the raiders from their only route into the city. It was a neck-and-neck business, and the enemy were only just able to seize the position on Dornkoop kopje and thus compel Jameson to divert to the left. The end was at hand, and amidst the deserted cattle kraals of Brink's Farm his troopers found themselves in a *cul-de-sac*, unable to advance to the front and with some eight hundred Boers closing in on their flanks. From this temporary shelter they made a brief and gallant stand. The maxims were fired till they jammed, and the seven-pounders' ammunition was almost exhausted. One last rush was made and failed, and then the Staats artillery came up on the left flank and the game was up.

Who first waved the borrowed apron of a Hot-tentot *tante* as a signal for surrender is still a matter of doubt. Jameson was apparently at that moment watering his horse, and the following is the account of an eye-witness.

"After the retreat alongside the farm fence a rumour went round that each man should secure the best mount he could from amongst the spare horses, and trust to his luck to get through. On hearing this, I asked the Doctor to give his horse

some water, adding that he had had none since the previous day at noon, and unless he had it I thought he would not stand up much longer. — The Doctor replied that he thought some water would do both himself and his horse a great deal of good, and rode off to the river on our left. As he was lying down and drinking, ——— came down and said: 'Doctor, you must surrender,' to which the latter replied, 'No, I'm damned if I do.' ——— answered that it was impossible for anyone to get through alive, and added that the white flag had already been sent up. On hearing this, the Doctor jumped up and demanded by whose authority the token of surrender had been hoisted. I was so thunderstruck that I did not hear the reply. Dr. Jameson fell down in a dazed manner as if shot, and said: 'If this is true, I am done for.' I remarked that there could be no doubt about it, and at the same time I pointed to the flag, already half-way up the hill. Dr. Jameson was silent for a few moments; and at the same time I remarked that the men had already done more than he had asked them to do, by getting beyond Krugersdorp, and that I thought he could hardly again lead them to the spot from which a few moments before we had been driven, and with little

or no hope of being able to get through. The Doctor then got on his horse and galloped up to the farmhouse, where he was met by Sir John Willoughby, who was nearly beside himself with rage at the surrender having taken place without his knowledge or consent. At the same time, Colonel Harry White's language was very forcible and anything but parliamentary in denouncing the very idea of knocking under."

These are the statements of one who was in an exceptional position to know the facts of a situation that has hitherto been somewhat misrepresented.

Jameson bore a charmed life that day, and the bullet was not moulded that could hit him. In the morning, conspicuous in his light-coloured overcoat, he had galloped ahead during one of the charges, and for some considerable distance had ridden parallel to a line of fire from the enemy's trenches with bullets whizzing above and around him on every side. With great gallantry his servant overtook him, persuaded him to take off his coat, and guided him into cover. Again, in the afternoon, when seated a prisoner in a trolley in the market-place of Krugersdorp, a Boer from amidst the surrounding crowd deliberately aimed at him, but

the bullet whizzed just over his head. The signal restraint and discipline of these justly enraged Krugersdorp Boers in not shooting Jameson and his officers off-hand will ever redound to their credit; while the dishonest concealment by the Transvaal Government of the conditional terms of the surrender remains as an indelible blot on the pages of Boer history.

By noon the arms had been handed over, and Jameson and his officers taken to the Court House in Krugersdorp. In a sense, the surrender was a relief to the awful mental tension of the past eighty-six hours, during which he had practically lived in the saddle. In that time he covered a distance of some one hundred and ninety miles with inadequate rest or sleep, and for the last seventeen hours without food or water. The physical collapse that overcame him acted as an anæsthetic, deadening the sense of downfall, of responsibilities, of the danger to his own life, of the public indignities of his position, of the truculence and undisguised triumph of his captors and escort. Unwashed, his lips and eyelids leaden and swollen, he climbed with stiffened, aching limbs into the Cape cart in which he had to endure a further drive of fifty miles to Pretoria. Here he

was handed over to the prison officials, still self-contained, but tottering, dazed and semi-animate with fatigue and exhaustion.

Five days later, the writer, visiting him and his officers at the gaol, found them in a small courtyard, still in the clothes they had worn on the ride, without books or luxuries of any kind, but apparently unconcerned and undaunted. For seats they had dragged out the mattresses from their cells, and not having seen anyone from the outer world but officials, were glad to learn the gossip and talk of the market-place.

Here they remained till early in February, and the close confinement within the walls of their tropically-heated prison completed the breakdown of Jameson's overstrained constitution. An invalid he stepped on board the man-of-war which was to convey him a prisoner of war to these shores. When arraigned before Sir John Bridge at Bow Street on the 25th of February, 1896, on charges framed under the Foreign Enlistment Act, he appeared outwardly erect and well, but the seeds of permanent trouble had been started in his system to which he is a martyr to this day.

His ill-health, however, in no way affected his dogged determination to put things right for him-

self and his officers. Conscious of his own high Imperial motives, he was not going to be sacrificed on the altar of do-nothing, unctuous rectitude without a struggle. Unflinchingly, with no hint of bended knee or bowed head, he met the too often cold shoulders of those who had been his friends, and the reproachful queries of those whose curiosity proved stronger than their sympathy. But many were the loyal friends who in these dark hours of his downfall rallied to his side.

In the midst of a wreckage that had caused many deaths, and involved the Chartered Company in a loss of at least seventy-five thousand pounds' worth of material, besides other and increasingly serious difficulties, he never quailed for a moment. By every means in his power he strove to help the situation for his officers, and to assist the Company's officials in unravelling the tangle in which they were involved. Neither martyr nor hero, he accepted the accumulating consequences of his defeat in the quiet greatness of spirit natural to a great leader and a gentleman, and became the reorganizing centre of the chaos he had himself so largely created.

The preliminary examination before Sir John Bridge started on the 10th of March, and the examination of witnesses proved such a lengthy

business that several adjournments were granted: it was not till the 18th of June that Jameson, Sir John Willoughby and the two Whites were committed for trial.

During all this time, although released on bail, he was practically a prisoner in his London hotel because of his notoriety. This made it impossible for him to go abroad on foot without attracting a crowd, and condemned him to unnecessary confinement. Nothing galled his really stricken spirit so much as the melodramatic ignorance and curiosity of the outside world, which sought in every way, and on every occasion, to invade his legitimate privacy and freedom. Over and over again he was turned back from any attempt to walk in the streets by the *brutale* stare, or the blatant cry, "That's him," or even the veneered impertinence of "I beg your pardon, but are you not Dr. Jameson?"

As a final blow came the uprising of the Matabele. This was a climax, and his health now became chronically worse, while the effort to fight against an unusual gloom became more and more difficult. Surrounded by the grandiose, uncomfortable comfort of a great London hotel; presiding, for the sake of his friends, at a routine of meals of which he could but seldom partake, the strain

of maintaining an outward demeanour of cheerful complacency and suaveness became unbearable, and on the eve of a breakdown he left for the rest and seclusion of a quiet spot in Norway, for which his assaulted spirit so badly craved.

He returned to take his trial “at Bar” in Queen’s Bench Division before the Lord Chief Justice (Lord Russell of Killowen), Baron Pollock, Mr. Justice Hawkins, and a special jury. The trial began on the 20th of October, and lasted seven days. It was, perhaps, specially remarkable for the attitude taken by the Lord Chief Justice, who, rightly or wrongly, considered that Jameson’s conviction was necessary to the moral status of Great Britain in Europe, and that no legal technicalities should be allowed to stay the course of justice. Jameson was, in fact, tried by a man as masterful as himself, who was determined to vindicate national honour in the sight of the whole world. The summing-up of the Chief Justice was merciless in logic and force, and all the more dramatic because of the unprecedented nature of the occasion, the character of the accused, and the powerful and arresting personality of his judge.

The jury retired after the summing-up, and after some time returned and announced that they

could not agree. A moment of intense interest had arrived, and the dominancy of the Chief Justice asserted itself. With a sweep of his arm, as of a great ruler, he waved down Sir Edward Clarke, who had risen to make a point for the defence, and turned aside to face the jury on his left. As, however, Sir Edward still remained standing, he confronted him for an instant, saying, "Sit down, Sir Edward; I am now addressing the jury, and will not hear you." Then, with exceeding impressiveness, he placed before the jury twelve categorical questions, to which they were to answer "Yes" or "No." Back they went, returning with the same answer that they could not agree; and it was evident that one square-jawed, solid-framed juryman was obdurate. The excitement grew in intensity. Again did the Chief Justice impress his points upon the jury, addressing them almost directly to the man who was standing out. Eventually, after some time, the *impasse* was removed, and a unanimous verdict of "Guilty" was returned. The judges retired, and on their return, Jameson, who throughout had sat tense and motionless, stood up to the right of the others, to receive his sentence. Amidst a silence that was felt, the Chief Justice sentenced him to

fifteen months' imprisonment, Sir John Willoughby to ten months, Major White to seven months, and the others to five months, without hard labour.

There is no exact precedent in modern times of a political criminal with such a balance of imperial achievement to his credit. A wrong decision—a single act of misjudgment, had at a stroke cancelled the seven years of splendid and unique service he had deliberately and disinterestedly given his friend, his country and Empire. In sickness and in health, through adventure, through hardships of every kind, welcoming risks and responsibilities, enduring untold worry and anxieties, scorning the leisures and soft pleasures of life, impelled by the pure passion of disinterested loyalty and patriotism, Jameson had risked everything to oppose an enemy of his countrymen and to add to the glory and strength of Britain beyond the seas. Of these labours—of this rare patriotism and loyalty, the majority of his countrymen throughout the Empire, both then and for some years to come, refused to take any note. Ignorant of the complexities of his situation at Pitsani, they lightly dubbed him a mere raider—and thanked Providence that such an one was safely confined within the walls of Her Majesty's prison.

CHAPTER VII.

THE AFTERMATH.

“Where there are no graves there are no resurrections.”

OWING to a technical error, Jameson was first sent to Wormwood Scrubbs, clothed in prison garb, and treated as a common criminal. He was, however, very soon removed to Holloway, where, as a first-class misdemeanant, he was denied the blessed consolation of labour. Day by day, amidst the routine of not uncomfortable prison life, he sat face to face with himself. Despite occasional visitors, solitude was his portion. After the whirlwind of storm-tossed action came the long days of contemplation, perhaps introspection. It is the very essence of character to defy the gods and win fortune from misfortune. During the past years of adventure and strife Jameson had himself been their occasion and circumstance, but the limits of his multifarious activity had not been reached, nor had the depths of his character been made manifest. For the moment his brilliant powers of

brain and leadership were extinguished, but the dull, inactive hours of his confined life witnessed the growth of qualities of patience, and of patient endurance, that served to increase the strength of a character whose strength had already been proved.

In after years he said to his constituents: "Of the troubles I have had in my earlier days (you will perhaps remember some of them), they have all, I believe, been the result of impatience."

His health, however, grew worse, and at last became so precarious that he had to undergo a severe surgical operation in prison. He was released in December, 1896, and went straight to a nursing home in South Street. During the past ten years he had spent his energy like water, and had drained to the dregs the reserve vitality of a very vital constitution. The shock of an operation, coming as it did after months of unnatural confinement, was almost greater than he could bear. For days afterwards the pulse of his life beat very low—in a weakness of flesh and spirit he turned, as it were, his face to the wall, and convalescence was far from him.

Since the Raid, Rhodes had spent much time in Rhodesia, endeavouring to stem the tide of the

Matabele rebellion, and in the autumn of 1896, at the risk of his life, had succeeded in making an historic peace with the chiefs of that nation. He returned early in the spring of the following year, and from the moment of his arrival in London Jameson had shown himself expectant and listening for the voice and step he knew so well. Rhodes was really a far more sensitive man than he liked to admit, even to himself, and was always peculiarly averse to facing anything like an emotional situation. Not unnaturally, he dreaded this first meeting at Jameson's sick-bed. His first words as he strode into the room were: "Well, we both of us have had a rough time; but yours was the roughest."

This visit had an obviously beneficial effect, and Jameson began to recover. But no sooner was he able to leave South Street, than he was summoned to give evidence before the Parliamentary Commission of Inquiry at Westminster. With dignity he read his statement, and his answers were always clear and to the point. The examination lasted several days, and never once during this time did he show the slightest trace of annoyance at the many apparently unnecessary matters he was called upon to explain. After paying a

few summer visits, he started in the autumn for a yachting cruise. Marseilles, Algiers, Alexandria, Cairo (where he was ill some time), Jerusalem, Jericho, Syria, Rhodes Island, Palermo and Naples were all visited in turn, and the trip was an education in itself, adding much to his knowledge of history and art.

Returning early in 1898, he again left in the spring for a shooting expedition in Corfu, and after much slaughter of pig and woodcock, dallied for a few months in England, enjoying the leisured life of an ordinary stay-at-home gentleman, and even entered into negotiations as a candidate for a constituency. But this sort of philandering with life was intolerable to him, and, as Rhodes remarked to the writer, he was really "eating his heart out" for some definite work. "*Plus notre esprit est fort, plus il faut qu'il agisse. Il meurt dans le repos ; il vit dans l'exercice,*" emphatically applied to Jameson, and he soon relinquished his idea of standing for Parliament in England, and left for South Africa. After a short stay in Bulawayo, he went to Rhodes' homestead on the Inyanga Plateau in Manica, and set out on foot from there to Tete, a Portuguese station on the north bank of the Zambesi.

His object in making this three-hundred-mile walk was to arrange for the erection through Portuguese territory, and across the river, of the telegraph line towards Cairo, which Rhodes, despite a mismanagement at the start, involving a waste of some forty thousand pounds, with Mr. Beit's help, had persisted in pushing forward with all speed.

Walking steadily, Jameson arrived in twenty-two days, and was immediately successful in his negotiations and in procuring the necessary native labour to carry the line across the river and from there northwards. His work finished, he was anxious to catch a steamer at Chinde for the south, and engaged natives to paddle him in a dug-out canoe to that port. Half-way, however, they mutinied, and seizing a paddle, he belaboured the headman. Even well-intentioned natives are exasperating, but during twenty-eight years' experience this was the first time he had ever struck a Kaffir. The result, however, in this case was excellent. Finding they had a resolute man to deal with, the mutineers worked with a will, and reached Chinde in time to catch the steamer. Disembarking at Beira, he arrived late one evening at Umtali. Here he learnt that Rhodes was ill at Inyanga, some sixty miles north, and although

he had been travelling all day under tropical conditions, he immediately procured two horses and set out with his servant for the homestead.

All night they rode, and at early dawn breasted the height of the great plateau. The keen mountain blasts chilled them to the bone, and several weary miles still lay before their leg-wearied horses. Searching for his cigarette-case, Jameson found he had only two left, one of which he at once gave to his servant. This may seem but a small and obvious self-denial, but only those who have spent the night in sleepless effort can realize how all too brief is the stimulus and joy of one cigarette, especially when smoked in the face of opposing breezes.

The report of Rhodes' illness was fortunately exaggerated, but Jameson remained on. For a few weeks the two friends gave themselves up to the comparatively quietist pleasures of a Rhodesian farm. Together they planted young fruit trees, and supervised the agricultural and orchard experiments that were being made on the red, ferruginous soil of those healthy, fertile uplands. Together they visited the ancient ruins, the old gold workings, and more especially the old water furrows and other vestiges of a great scheme of irrigation

that abound in those regions—witnesses to the presence there, at some unknown period, of a numerous and well-organized population. Jameson, ever loving excitement, even attempted to break in to the yoke wild cattle from the Zambesi, and on one occasion only escaped the charge of an infuriated beast by plunging into a swamp, while Rhodes miraculously leapt on to a waggon.

Of affairs and politics there was much discussion ; but the subject of Jameson's future, and how best he could assist the new political situation at the Cape, more especially absorbed their attention. The Raid had finally broken Rhodes' compromise with the Dutch at the Cape, where the Bond party was now in power.

By this time, the whole of South Africa, with the exception of Natal and Rhodesia, was dominated by Dutch political influence, and Kruger, at the height of his power, was spending large sums in keeping alive anti-British feeling. The entire sub-continent was already seething with racial antagonism, and the horizon was darkened with the menace and rumblings of war. Hampered by the effects of the Raid, the only thing Rhodes could do was to endeavour to unite and consolidate the British party at the Cape in order to fight the

Dutch politically in that Colony; and to create a rallying-point there for those throughout the country, whether British or Afrikander, who desired to safeguard British interests.

Hitherto there had been no attempt at any definite party organization, and Rhodes had relied upon his own personal influence for support in the Legislative Assembly. But realizing that it was no use to court the Dutch voters, who, whenever the "bell rang," would always vote racially inside the polling booth, whatever their promises might be outside, he had started the South African League as a counter-organization to the Bond, and as a centre for the Progressive party. He had also brought out from England the late Mr. Owen Lewis to act as chief agent, to revise voters' lists, and otherwise carry on the anti-Bond campaign on more effective lines. In order to take part in these new methods of consolidation, Jameson was willing to become a member of the Legislative Assembly, but owing to the incubus of the Raid, it was no easy matter to find him a seat. He therefore returned to England in the latter part of 1898, but his holiday was brief, and he left in April, 1899, intending to stand for Port Elizabeth. Difficulties, however, arose both for this and other constituencies,

and eventually he went to Bulawayo, where he remained till the outbreak of war in October of that year.

He at once offered his services to the Imperial Government, and endeavoured to reach Mafeking, but was unable to do so, and only after great difficulty succeeded in getting to Ladysmith. Here his servant caught typhoid, and through nursing him day and night he himself succumbed. As soon as the siege was raised, he was placed on board a steamer at Durban, and on arrival at Cape Town, in March, 1900, was carried prostrate to Groote Schuur. Here he quickly became convalescent, and ere long was down on the stoep, eagerly discussing plans with Rhodes, who had recently returned from the siege of Kimberley. Much had happened since the Inyanga farm days to clear the situation, and to make the prospects of Federation brighter than they had been for years. Although the war was dragging along unsuccessfully, it was evident that sooner or later the Transvaal and the Orange Free State would become dependent colonies; and this, together with Lord Milner's sympathy for a South African Commonwealth, gave a fresh impetus to Rhodes' work of consolidation and party organization. Under

these circumstances, Jameson, who had already been made director of De Beers, hesitated no longer, and determined to stand for Kimberley. There his memory and popularity were ever green, and being returned unopposed, he took his seat in the House in the May session of 1900.

The occasion was a painful one. As he entered the Assembly Chamber, the Progressives feared to applaud him, as is usual, lest the Bond members should give utterance to their bitter resentment at his election and position as a member. With set face he walked up the tensely silent House, made his bow to the Speaker, and retired to a seat in the most far-away corner of the Progressive benches.

His position was one of unprecedented discouragement. He had to listen to persistent and unbridled personal invectives ; to face a consensus of suspicion that never for one moment forgot to impute to him the least honourable of motives ; to sit side by side with those who had been his judges in the Cape Enquiry on the Raid, and many of whom had voted in favour of the report that had condemned him ; to confront the bitter racial rancour of the Dutch, and the semi-averted eye of many of his own party ; to attune the fiery temper of his spirit, the rapid

grasp and movement of his brain, to the inertia and slow-witted deliberateness of the most deliberate assembly in the Empire. But within the quiet stillness of his resolve he discovered a depth of patience, that accepted without resentment, and as a matter of course, all forms of uncharitableness and distrust.

Taking no part in the debates, he sat throughout the first session a silent spectator, and, save for his vote, was to all appearance of no use to his party. Even in the lobbies, for some time he refrained from anything but civil replies to such civil remarks as were made to him. But the great fact remained that in thus planting himself down within the gate of his enemies, he had signalled to the whole world his refusal to accept ostracism of any kind whatsoever, and his determination to again take the field, and share with Rhodes the task of reorganizing the British political position in Cape Colony.

Early in 1901 he returned to England with Rhodes, whose health had already begun to fail, and together they went to Egypt. Here they spent some time, journeying in a dahabeah down the Nile. When within two days of Khartoum, the intense heat so affected Rhodes that they were

reluctantly compelled to return. Then came the cable from Cape Town, conveying the news of the forgery of Rhodes' name, and during all the subsequent worries on the matter, it was upon Jameson that he leant for advice and counsel.

Despite Rhodes' desire to remain at home and live at his country house near Newmarket, he was compelled in January, 1902, to return to Cape Town. Jameson accompanied him, and the gloom of increasing worry and ill-health closed in upon them. Then as Rhodes' illness became more serious, Jameson was the flaming sword that stood betwixt him and the ungodly number of those who ever sought to interview him. He never wearied in his efforts to save his dying friend from every form of unnecessary worry and anxiety. Day by day, during the stifling months of February and March, seated together on the stoep of their tiny cottage at Musenburgh, they watched the great waves roll in straight from the South Pole, and break on the rocks at their feet, and the dreamy, everlasting beauty of the mountains that confronted them on their right hand and on their left. Already each was conscious that the term of their partnership was drawing to a close, and each was silently but supremely grateful at heart,

the one to the other. Then when Rhodes could no longer gain the stoep, and with weakening powers, was subject to illusions of fancy and hope, Jameson was ever at hand to pacify his demands for the Cape cart, or his queries as to when they were to set sail for England.

Thus, up to the very last, Rhodes was able to realize in its utmost fullness the strength of that friendship that had served him so loyally in the stress and storm of his work, and that remained behind to carry out those ideals which he himself had to leave only half completed.

Despite his outward composure, Jameson was for many a day afterwards a man broken and stricken with grief. Simply and unobtrusively, he attended the funeral obsequies, and followed his friend's remains to that lone kopje on the Matoppo Hills, where between sky, veld and mountain, the silence is unbroken, and where, save for the gliding, darting lizards, the unconscious reigns supreme.

None missed the companionship of the "master mind" more than he did, and as soon as possible he went to England, returning to take part in the late session of 1902. Busy as he was with the details of his trusteeship to Rhodes' wonderful will, and with the legacy of duties that had fallen

to him as director of the Chartered Company* and of De Beers, he, nevertheless, found time to push forward the whole organization of the Progressive party. Gradually and almost unconsciously, despite the still crippling influence of the Raid incident, men's eyes turned to him as the leader, and imperceptibly almost, he began to assume that position within the caucus of the party.

In the early spring of 1903, he went up to Rhodesia with Mr. Beit, and spent some time travelling all over the country with him.

Returning to the Cape for the Session in May, he witnessed the *débâcle* of Sprigg over the Bond's Railway Bill; and having refused to consider the latter's suggestion of a coalition, at once set to work to endeavour to fight the elections on a definite anti-Bond programme. While thus electioneering in East London, Mr. Beit was suddenly taken ill in Johannesburg. In the confusion that momentarily prevailed amongst his friends there, Beit, just before becoming unconscious, said, "Send for Jameson." Immediately on receipt of the wire, the latter ever loyal to his friends, and especially to one who was himself such an example of loyalty, went

* He was elected in July, 1902.

by special train to Johannesburg, and practically did not leave Mr. Beit till he saw him safe into his house in London, returning himself the next week to Cape Town, in October, 1903.

During all these years, while Jameson was travelling to and fro, and only giving an intermittent attention to politics, the prospects of the Progressive party went steadily from bad to worse. In the early part of the session of 1900, the Bond was in power under the Premiership of Mr. W. P. Schreiner, that troubled-souled Afrikaner, torn between allegiance to the Imperial idea and his unavailing efforts to keep his party to the same level of loyalty as himself. He was pledged to carry through a Bill to indemnify the military authorities for their actions; but his Dutch followers, who were opposed to the punishment of the rebels by disfranchisement, refused to support him. He resigned, and the Progressives, under Sir Gordon Sprigg, came into office.

As there was no session in 1901, Sprigg easily maintained his position as leader of the party. Owing, however, to the continuance of the War, and to the proclamation of martial law within the Colony, party feeling became more and more racial in character.

Schreiner and his friends, who had temporarily supported Sir Gordon Sprigg, retired from political life, and when the House assembled in August, 1902, the Bond had practically a working majority. Sprigg meanwhile had become more and more of a buffer between the Progressives and the Bond, and his increasingly opportunist methods had caused great dissatisfaction to a section of his party. The Bond, in fact, had by this time found out that in Sprigg they had a Progressive Prime Minister who was prepared to go great lengths in carrying out their wishes rather than those of his own party. Amongst many instances of this was Sprigg's opposition to the declared wishes of the Progressives in respect of the temporary suspension of the Constitution. His statement to the Colonial Premiers at the Conference in London, that he had a majority behind him in this matter, was true, but it was a Bond, and not a Progressive majority.

There is something curious in the prominent part that Sir Gordon Sprigg has played on the stage of Cape politics, and amongst patriots of such mental stature as Rhodes, Jameson, Hofmeyr and Schreiner. Of unimpeachable integrity, austere in habit and outlook, a teetotaler, an exemplary husband and father, he was in politics

curiously greedy of power, and too often played but a half-hearted game for his own side. Believing it to be essential to the welfare of the Colony that he should retain office, he carried his opportunism so far, that although nominally a leader of the Progressives, he eventually became a servant of the Bond. In fact, so tenacious was he of office, that by August, 1903, he had reduced the political situation at the Cape to what Mr. Chamberlain described as "comic opera." Shortly after this, however, the nemesis of his servitude overtook him. The Bond, wishing to exercise its political power for itself, demanded as the price of its support a Railway Bill of outrageous proportions, for the purpose of building log-rolled lines to almost every little Boer dorp within the Colony.

Sir Gordon Sprigg professed himself ready to carry out this ruinous proposal, but the Bond further insisted that this Railway Bill should be passed before supplies were voted. This, however, was a depth of subserviency that even Sir Gordon could not reach, and as the Bond refused to pass the financial Bills, it became necessary in August, 1903, for the Governor to issue a proclamation dissolving Parliament. Meanwhile, however, as the elections could not take place till January,

Sprigg remained nominally in power, and the administration was financed by means of warrants from the Governor.

Sir Gordon was a typical opportunist ; and under his ægis there had developed a section amongst the Progressives who were always ready on every occasion to truckle to the Bond, and were locally known as mugwumps, or Independents. These sprang up like mushrooms in 1902 and 1903, and were neither British nor Afrikander in their convictions. Lacking principle or definite programme, they were ever ready to compromise or coalesce on any subject. In fact, many of those claiming to be Independents were really Bondsmen in every constituency but their own.

During the first two years of his Parliamentary apprenticeship, Jameson made many friends amongst those of the Progressive section who opposed Sprigg. More particularly he had formed a strong personal friendship with Dr. Smartt, who was the able leader of the anti-Sprigg section. Moreover, the general impression he had created by his tactful and patient endurance of personal attack had been still further increased by the dignity and force of his speech on the Indemnity Bill in the session of 1902, when for the first time he broke through his

self-imposed silence. Rising to a full and expectant House, he said :

“ I would remind the hon. gentleman that during the session of 1900, I have sat on those back benches and never opened my mouth ; and I have done it because I felt it was quite natural that, during the time of trouble, when the War was still on, any word from my mouth would be misunderstood, and would rather tend to create than to allay excitement on the opposite side of the House. But I would say this, that I have found it very difficult indeed to maintain that silence continuously, when, from day to day, not once, but many times, I was treated with words not kind, not courteous, from the hon. member for Aliwal North especially, and also from other members on the opposite side of the House. However, that was all due, I would acknowledge, to this abominable Raid. That was a bad blunder. But the penance has been done, and, I think, by ordinary fair-minded men it might now be forgotten.”

These words and the speech that followed deeply impressed both the British and Dutch in the Colony, and amongst the former the half-conscious idea of Jameson as leader began to crystallize itself into

a definite view and expression. Men seriously considered whether it were possible for his natural qualifications as leader to triumph over the disqualifications created by the Raid. Thus pondering and unprepared, the Progressive party found itself face to face with a General Election on the resignation of Sprigg in the autumn of 1903. Their outlook was not a happy one. A few there were who were determined not to accept Sprigg's proposed coalition ministry and definitely to fight the Bond; but the larger number, fearful of its organization, while distrustful of their own, and looking askance at Jameson as leader, were almost apathetic to any political principle, and ready to fall in with any form of compromise that was momentarily convenient. Amongst the anti-Coalitionists there was a good deal of hesitancy as to a programme, and it seemed probable that Sprigg and his Coalitionists would prevail. Eventually, however, in November, acting under the initiative of Dr. Smartt, a coterie of Jameson's followers took the matter into their hands and formally offered him the leadership. This he accepted, and agreed to stand for Grahamstown in opposition to Mr. Douglas, a prominent Coalitionist and Minister of Sprigg's Cabinet;

while Dr. Smartt opposed Sprigg at East London.

At first sight, it may appear strange that Jameson should have split the British party by opposing Sir Gordon Sprigg and his colleagues, especially at a moment when racialism was the main issue between the two political parties.

Jameson himself was quite open about the matter, and, moreover, took every opportunity of assuring Sprigg that he would support him if he would abandon his pro-Bond tactics, and prove himself, in fact as well as in name, the leader of the Progressive party. It was, however, essential to the Progressive party that its members should at that period pledge themselves to fight in support of British interests, in order to make British instead of Dutch influence paramount at the Cape. The moment was emphatically opportune for making such a stand ; for, however great the divergence of opinion about Lord Milner's administration, he, at least, had made clear his determination to support the Britishers, and those others who had proved themselves loyal. Throughout the Colony these loyalists were consequently beginning to take heart, and were in a condition to respond to the stimulating influence of a leader with a definite

and live programme. Moreover, the pledge was not to Jameson, or to any particular leader or person, but simply to abide by the programme of the party or to resign membership. Sir Gordon Sprigg, Mr. Douglas, and his other colleagues, would not, however, so pledge themselves. As sham leaders, they were playing into the hands of the Bond, and their backboneless opportunism constituted so grave a menace, that Jameson had no other option but to oppose them, and compel them to declare themselves either Bond or Progressive. It was a struggle for political supremacy between British and Dutch, in which, for the first time in their history, the former had an organization at their back, a definite policy to fight for, and a fighting leader at their head.

Jameson realized that no compromise or conciliatory policy was to be contemplated until the Progressives had organized themselves and defeated the Dutch on the racial issue, which at that time formed the inevitable line of cleavage between the two parties.

As the result of the elections in Grahamstown* in December, Jameson easily defeated Douglas,

* The polling at Grahamstown takes place some days before the polling in other constituencies.

and in a speech, thanking his supporters, said he hoped the party would take encouragement from his victory. This, together with Dr. Smartt's success in thoroughly defeating Sir Gordon Sprigg at East London, broke up the ranks of the mugwumps.

Following up these successes, Jameson motored some seven thousand miles over South African roads, addressing meetings at every political centre, enthusing his followers, stiffening the backs of the wobblers, and personally seeing that the local organizations were in fighting trim.

His programme was a simple one. He made it clear that he had no favours to offer either for Boer votes or for opportunists, for all those, in fact, who desired to cling to compromise and who could not give their whole-hearted support to the main principles of the Progressive policy. Broadly stated, these were, first, the maintenance of British interests; second, the development in every way possible of the potential resources of the Colony; thirdly, the furtherance, whenever compatible with Cape interests, of a closer inter-Colonial co-operation and federal policy.

On these broad issues the Progressives fought the Bond organization, whose legislative proposals

were definitely reactionary and racial, and whose ideas as regards federation on Imperial lines were at that time too elusive to be trusted.

The unexpected happened, and as a result of the elections the Progressives found themselves with a majority of two in the Assembly and of four in the Legislative Council, or Upper House. It was, however, no easy matter to form a Ministry, and one of Jameson's many difficulties lay in his own position as director of De Beers and of the Chartered Company. Rhodes had held the two positions when Prime Minister, but objections were raised in respect of Jameson, because it was feared that, as director of De Beers, he might be influenced in respect of legislative measures for taxing diamonds; and that, as director of the Chartered Company, he would be obliged to favour the Beira Railway as against the Cape Railways for Rhodesian imports. He, however, refused to relinquish either of these posts, on the ground that, in Rhodes' interest, he owed these companies an equal allegiance. As a matter of fact, one of his first measures was a tax on incomes above one thousand pounds per annum, which mulcted De Beers of about two hundred and fifty thousand pounds annually. Under the circumstances, however, he

became, like Rhodes, Prime Minister without a portfolio, and without a salary. When challenged on this matter subsequently, he said :

“ Then there is just one personal criticism I would like to take notice of. Now, Mr. Merriman is never rude ; he is very gentlemanly. If he wants to give you a dig, he wraps it up very nicely. But there was one sentence of his speech at Port Elizabeth which was clearly meant to refer to me. He said : ‘ We do not want to be governed by these gentlemen who sit on commercial boards.’ Now, that was certainly intended for me. Well, I try to help in the government of this country, and I do sit on boards ; but after all, even a politician who takes part in the government of a country must have some recreation. Now, we all like a certain kind of recreation equally—that is, sleep. Outside sleep, even outside our Government itself, we want a little recreation. Well, I take my recreation in the shape of helping to govern and carry on the development of the estate called after the late great leader, Mr. Rhodes. It is true, I also, in my recreation—not taking away any time, I assure you, from my position of helping to govern this country—I also take part in the development of what I consider the greatest com-

mercial asset of the Cape Colony, and I try to direct it as far as, in my small way, I can on lines to develop the whole country. I speak of De Beers. I also help to administer the estate of the late Mr. Rhodes, where, I am sure you will all agree, neither South Africa nor the Cape Colony were forgotten in the distribution of his wealth after his death. (Hear, hear.) But why should this disqualify me from taking part in the government of the country, any more than Mr. Merriman's recreation, which, I am informed, is looking at other people growing fruit and violets at Stellenbosch? (Laughter.) It is really the position, and, as a matter of fact, I share with Mr. Merriman in his recreation. I also take an interest in the growing of fruit in the neighbourhood of Stellenbosch; in fact, I take a very active part in the management of the large fruit-growing area there in the shape of the Rhodes farms."

His position was indeed a strange one. It almost looked as if it were the working out of some mysterious design, the result of some unforeseeable co-ordination of circumstances personal and impersonal. Who could have prophesied that within seven years of his liberation from prison Jameson, the most execrated man in South Africa,

would stand even as Rhodes had stood before the Raid ; that, vested with the power of Premier-ship, and with a solid party behind him, he would be able to carry out in spirit and in letter Rhodes' aims and policy? Whether that policy be called Imperial, Colonial, or National ; its practical objects were the same, namely, to lay the foundations of a permanent prosperity for Cape Colonists, by assisting them to develop the hitherto neglected resources of their soil and to find markets for their products.

Previous Governments had in the past to a very considerable extent relied for revenue upon the carriage of over-sea goods from Cape ports to the north, and had too frequently sacrificed the Colony's industrial interests to mere party and racial legislation. Jameson's concern for the Cape's welfare was above all party or racial considerations. A thriving, populous Colony within a thriving and united South Africa, such was Jameson's, as it was Rhodes', ideal. From the first he endeavoured to create a non-racial attitude in the practical economic interests of the Colony, and to promote in every way possible that inter-Colonial co-operation which is so essential to the interests of every state and every in-

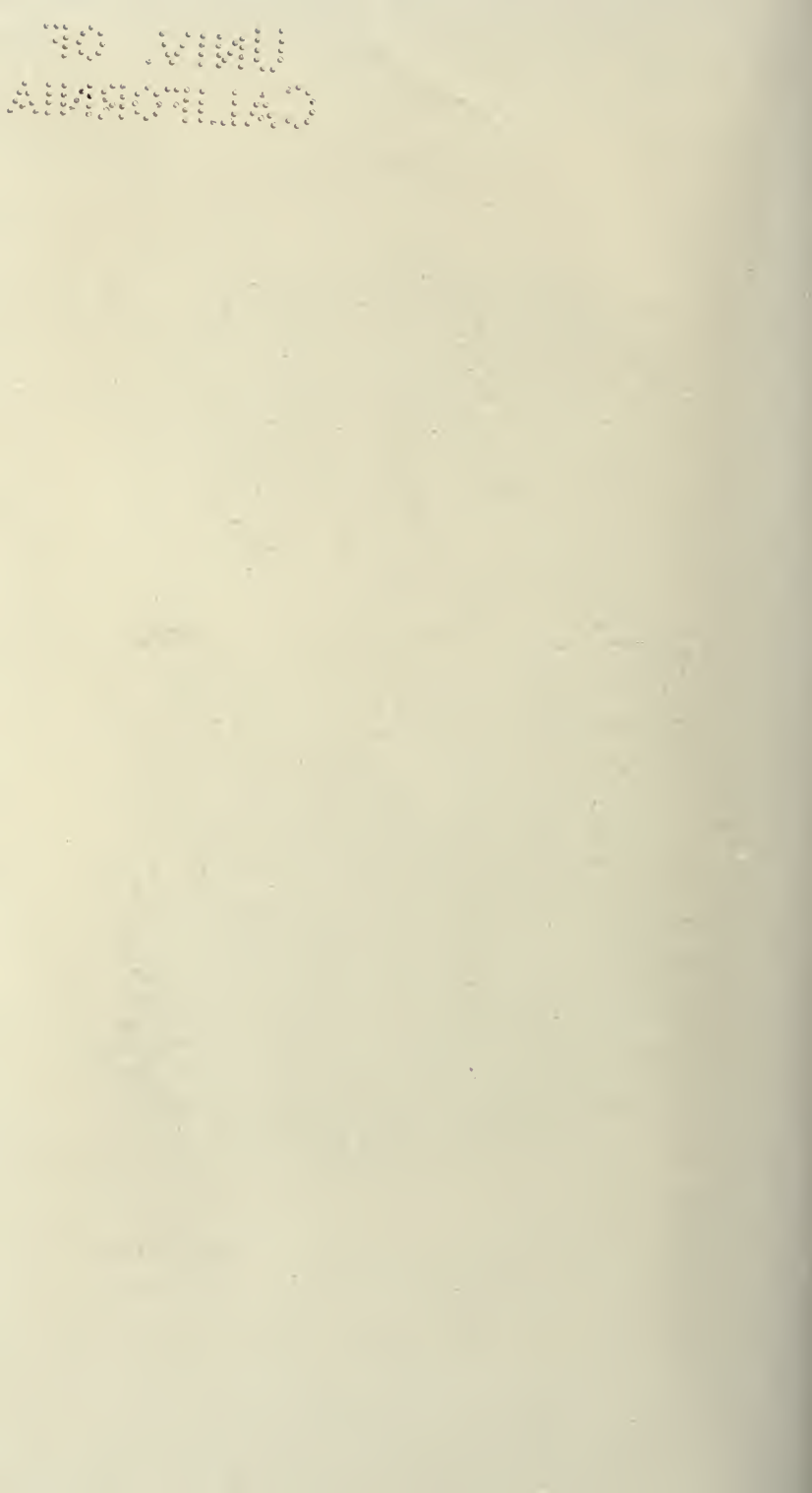


Photo by]

DR. JAMESON (1906).

[ERNEST H. MILLS.

[Facing p. 226.



habitant in South Africa. His position was from the first stronger than that occupied by Rhodes, because he understood better the value of organization, especially in industrial matters. Speaking at a banquet in his honour on the 2nd of February, 1904, on the eve of the assembling of Parliament, he made clear the aim of his policy. In the course of his speech he said :

“ Mr. McClure alluded to the unmitigated abuse which I personally have received. That we will forgive. I have no enmity against the other side. They used whatever means they had to advocate their principles, and I give them credit for believing in their principles, and I claim for our side the same absolute honesty. Both parties have desired the good and the prosperity of the Cape Colony, viewed from two different points of view. We, the Progressive party, view this limb of the British Empire as a real, integral portion of the Empire that can never be separated from the Empire, and can never prosper unless we recognize that it is a limb of the British Empire. Our opponents honestly believe that the success and the prosperity of this country is capable of being brought about and maintained separately from the British Empire—possibly still more prosperous with the

British Empire ; but what they maintain is that you must rule this country separately. I do not mean to impute to them a desire to separate from the British Empire. They are honestly, I believe, loyal to the flag ; but it is not a real feeling that this Colony should be, must be, and will be, a portion of the British Empire ; and that is the entire difference between us, and that is what we have really fought for. . . .

“ Now, I have said frequently at the hustings during the last three months that I consider one of the great advantages that a majority of the Progressive party would produce in this country would be the allaying of that so-called racial feeling. I said, ‘ Give us a working majority, and I believe that it will be the main factor in getting rid of this racial feeling.’ I feel that the people of this country are sick of contests, whether it is physical or political. What we want in this country is rest ; we want to go about our business, and I feel the majority of our opponents are with us on that line. . . . There are some practical things, especially, that will help that consummation, and seeing that the majority of our opponents are specially interested in the land, I, and I believe most of my friends—I know my friend Dr. Smartt

will agree in what I have to say—we believe honestly in that old hackneyed but good phrase that the land is the backbone of the country. That being so, we have to our hand the means by which we can show our *bona fides* to our opponents, and that is by taking in hand what I consider to be the most important, but at the same time the most neglected department of this country, namely, the Department of Agriculture. Our desire, if our Ministry is to have any special feature, our desire is to make agriculture and the proper development of the agricultural resources of this country the main feature of this Ministry which has just come into office. . . . We are creating nothing ; we are following in the footsteps of our great leader. We are a united body of Progressives, determined to carry out the policy laid down for us by our great departed leader. . . . You have heard a great deal about the pledged party. Well, it is quite true that our party, one and all, are pledged to it, not to any individual. They can assemble together in caucus and keep me out of my position—that will make no difference to the programme and the Progressive party ; but they are pledged on the programme of the Progressive party put before their

constituents. Having gone on to the platform with that programme in their hands, and having said to their constituents, 'We agree to that programme; we wish you to send us down to pass that programme,' I say, then, they are pledged to their constituents to vote with the majority of their party on every item of their programme. Therefore, I say, we are a strong majority. . . . We, the Progressive party, and we, the Ministers who are responsible for what is brought forward by the party, absolutely recognize that we have a mandate from the people of this country to carry out. We recognize that this period of stagnation due to opportunism is past, and we will carry out that mandate, whatever may be the results, without favour one way or the other, and without questioning what the result will be to ourselves or the party. We will go through with it, and I hope I am justified in saying we are sanguine that we will be able to bring about in this, the Cape Colony, a united people, a prosperous country, fit to take its legitimate place in that coming voluntary federation to whose realization we are prepared to devote our best energy and strength."

This speech outlined the main trend of Jame-

son's policy on taking office in 1904, and it is now necessary for a moment to consider the policy and *personnel* of his Opposition. The Bond party had this advantage over their opponents, that their solidarity was assured. Even if the race question in 1904 had not been a political issue, and had not formed a clear line of cleavage between the Bond and the Progressives, the Dutch are so loyal to their own race in religious, social and business matters, and so intensely clannish in every respect, that no matter what they may say outside, it is a foregone conclusion they will only vote for a Dutchman inside the polling booth. It was, perhaps, for this reason that the Bond Opposition programme in 1903 and 1904 appeared so meagre beside the constructive aims of the Progressives. Moreover, it has always been the Bond's policy to fight behind cover, and on all such controversial questions as abolition of drink to natives, native franchise, or federation, to be either silent or elusive. It is difficult to realize what would have been the position of the British in the Cape if the Bond party, naturally embittered by the events of the War, had come into power instead of Jameson. Even as it was, race feeling then ran so high that in many parts of

the Colony the British were boycotted in business and ostracized socially.

Such items, therefore, as were definite in the Bond programme of 1904 were inevitably racial. Dutch teachers in the schools, and the manipulation of education in Dutch interests—the official recognition of the Taal, which is a dialect—high protective duties on imported meat, even though these involved, owing to the scarcity of cattle, the killing of breeding stock—while brandy and wine were to be freed from excise and the mineral resources of the country to be directly and heavily taxed.

Such proposals were solely in the interests both of Dutch supremacy and of the Dutch farmers and wine growers, and did not reveal any regard for the general welfare of the community. As a matter of fact, for the first three years of Jameson's administration the Opposition had no constructive programme, and their policy was more to harass than to oust the Progressives. This was due partly to the financial stress within Cape Colony, and partly because the Transvaal and Orange River Colonies had not been granted responsible Government. As a Bondman said to the writer : " Why should we trouble when Jame-



Photo by]

[REES, Johannesburg.

HON. J. H. HOFMEYR.

[Facing p. 232.

son is doing more for the Dutch farmers than a Bond Ministry would dare to do." Even in 1908, after the force of circumstances had been too strong and the Bond had formed a Ministry under the new label of the South African party, Mr. Hofmeyr is reported to have said: "I hope the South African party will be in power, but I fear they will regret it when they get there," a statement probably endorsed by Mr. Merriman, who has to face the most difficult financial situation that ever confronted a Cape Minister.

Although socially holding himself aloof from Jameson, Mr. Hofmeyr was too genuine a lover of the Cape and South Africa not to approve of his non-racial enlightened policy for developing the Colony's agricultural resources. Foreseeing that the weight of Dutch population and organization was automatically bringing to pass that Afrikaner dominion under the Empire for which he had so persistently laboured, he did not wish to force the situation or to attempt to place the Bond party in office.

Probably no Prime Minister ever had more loyal colleagues than Jameson during his four years of office—Dr. Smartt as Commissioner for Railways, Mr. Walton as Treasurer, Mr. Sampson as Attorney-

General, Colonel Crewe as Minister for Education, all strove as men have seldom striven to support their leader's ideas and policy. In the face of unparalleled financial adversity and gloom, in the face of violent parochialism and antagonism from their constituents, and in the face of bitter-minded political opponents highly trained in the art of party warfare, they did their utmost to serve the larger interests of their Colony and South Africa.

In debate and in Parliamentary tactics the Progressives were possibly not quite so powerful or skilful, nor did they possess the same concentrated purpose as their opponents. Jameson, although devoid of any rhetorical art, was the most persuasive and arrestive speaker on his side, and perhaps in the House. During the earlier years of his political career he had lacked practice. But as time went on his natural ability as a speaker, which he had probably inherited from his father, quickly developed, and this, combined with his personality, made him a power both in the House and on the platform. With a pleasant voice and easily audible inflections, with a certain impressive deliberateness, with a remarkable power of insinuating himself with his audience and explaining his point clearly in simple, brusque sentences, frequently

lightened by raillery and humour, Jameson easily held his audiences. Nor was he less effective in debate. Master of a quiet sarcasm that left its mark, he was able not only to keep his temper, but eventually to smile at personal vituperation that was only too frequently as untrue as it was offensive. His party, however, were not so forceful, and towards the end of his administration, Jameson, realizing the weakness of his side's debating power, resorted to silence both for himself and his followers. For hours he would sit huddled up, apparently asleep, but ever and again rising to merely negative some outrageous statement or proposition.

Although seldom conspicuous, the most interesting and statesmanlike member of the Bond party was Mr. Malan, a Dutch Afrikaner, with considerable intensity of conviction and character, and an effective speaker and debater. He and Jameson, putting party feeling aside, co-operated to promote federation. He is practically Mr. Hofmeyr's representative in the Assembly, and, like General Botha in the Transvaal, is the exponent in the Cape of the new enlightened Dutch policy for South Africa. Both because he is editor of *Ons Land*, the organ of the Bond, and also be-

cause of his personal character and ability, he is a powerful influence with the Dutch party ; but it did not suit the Bond tactics to make him leader of the Opposition, which position was given for the time being to Mr. Merriman. This gentleman has ever been a picturesque figure in Cape politics, and for several years past has placed at the disposal of the Bond the services of a very well-read English gentleman, a caustic debater, with a distinct capacity for oratorical effect. In the case of Mr. Merriman, as in the case of many other Parliamentary doctrinaire-humanists at home, an extended knowledge and literary culture produces a curious effect. They become cynics in ordinary life, but ultra-sentimentalists in political affairs. Indeed, in the past it has only been with extreme difficulty that Mr. Merriman has been able to bring his brilliant superficialities within the domain of practical politics. He is obviously the antithesis of Mr. Hofmeyr, and is, therefore, more satisfied with the pageantry of power than its reality. His long Parliamentary experience, and elastic Parliamentary conscience, together with his power in speech and debate, made him an effective leader of a purely harassing Opposition. Possessing a certain dignity and charm,

he not infrequently imperilled it in his personal attacks upon Jameson. He found an able colleague in Mr. Sauer, a resident in Cape Town, who, although a pronounced negrophile, has for many years actively served the Bond. When Sir Gordon, then Mr., Sprigg resigned office in 1890, Rhodes formed a Ministry after Mr. Sauer had been asked to do so, and had failed. The latter remained in Rhodes' Cabinet till 1893, but subsequently became the leader of personal attacks upon his former chief, and intemperately continued this *rôle* in respect of Jameson. He is a very able, if cynical, debater.

These were the more prominent members of an Opposition composed almost entirely of Dutchmen from the country districts, who were strictly under the thumb of the Bond in matters of policy, and whose attitude was, generally speaking, strictly parochial and ultra-conservative.

The great difficulty for Jameson, as for all past Progressive leaders, lay in lack of solidarity or unity within the British party or electorate. For a brief period in 1903-4, when the supremacy of British over Dutch influence made racialism a political issue, the Progressives were united; but there was no clannishness amongst them to

withstand the tendency to individual independence of opinion. Jameson started with some sort of organization amongst his followers, but he failed eventually to retain any real voting solidarity. Pledged to the fulfilment of Rhodes' ideals, and to the hastening of a federation that at that date appeared daily further from realization, he was to a certain extent on a plane by himself.

Strenuous, however, as was his political atmosphere, his actual habitation was ideally picturesque and restful. The house and estate that Rhodes had created for himself, some seven miles from Cape Town, he had bequeathed to the future Premiers of Federated South Africa. Here Jameson, as representing the Rhodes trustees, resided in trust for that future which it was his purpose to hasten. In some respects his life was enviable. For the time being, the reins of power were in his hands ; he was surrounded by loyal colleagues ; his circle of personal friends, Dutch and British, yearly increased ; and his surroundings, if not bracing, were beautiful. Groote Schuur, as the house is called, is in itself an inspiration. Built somewhat on the lines of an enlarged and glorified Dutch farmhouse, it is symbolical of the instinctive taste of a man who, above all things, loved that which was

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GROOTE SCHUUR.

natural and great. Its grey-toned roof, whitewashed walls, and broad, pillar-supported stoep, stand embowered amidst woods and gardens on a lower slope of Table Mountain. To the right is a deep cleft, clothed with blue-tinted hydrangeas. Immediately behind the back of the house, beds of flesh-leaved crimson flowers form a dividing space of colour between its flagged, white-columned verandah and a grove of dark cedars. Beyond are the mountain slopes whereon feed eland and gnu, zebra and other South African fauna ; and on a great roomy ledge are caged two splendid lions. Rising abruptly behind, in the background are the dark, scarred, cliff-like walls of Table Mountain. Itself a naked fragment of the primeval, it stands forth enhaloed in its own mysterious and everlasting solitude. Sphinx-like, it gazes down upon the many-hued humans, who beneath its shadow from time immemorial have played their troubled parts, and between laughter and sorrow have exhausted the gamut of their little emotional lives.

Within the house, the lofty, spacious, and uncarpeted rooms, the rare old books, the selected works of art, and relics of an African past ; and, above all, the scent of seasoned teak, create an atmosphere of their own, and, like a temple, convey

the impression of an abiding presence. The house and grounds are open to the public, who sometimes convert them into what Jameson describes as a sort of Hampstead Heath. "I don't mind the people if they behave well," he said ; " but it was rather trying one day to see from my study windows a young woman deliberately roll herself from top to bottom of one of the grassy slopes."

Leaving Groote Schuur every morning after breakfast, Jameson generally went to his office in Cape Town to interview all sorts and conditions of men ; to adjust the innumerable divergent and conflicting interests of those who have ever been prone to division ; to master the details of the rival interests of town and country ; to have at his fingers' ends the technical intricacies of customs, conventions, railway rates and shipping freights ; to strive for the adjustment of those financial difficulties that hampered his efforts ; and finally to develop the potentialities of a soil whose wealth previous Governments had not attempted to realize.

Such are some of the many issues that occupied his busy hours and brain. His work over, a stroll through the grounds, a game of billiards, or perhaps golf, before dinner, and a game of bridge afterwards, completed his day, and during the three months

of session even this was impossible. Occasionally a visit to Kimberley, to Johannesburg, or some other place, enabled him to escape from the too shut-in and relaxing climate of Groote Schuur, and to gain strength from the bracing breezes of the great inland plateaux.

The same unconscious parochialism that influences the followers of party throughout the Empire exists both amongst the Bond and the Progressives at the Cape. Here, as elsewhere, the bigger and more statesmanlike ideas of leaders have to be attuned to local needs and local interests. These, perhaps, are more complex at the Cape than elsewhere, and only by the most delicate steering was it possible for Jameson, or any leader, to make headway in any Nationalist or large South African policy.

In a colony whose financial prosperity is so intimately connected with its political administration, the daily fret and worry of minor details, especially in bad times, is unceasing. It has sapped the vitality and enthusiasm of more than one statesman. There is a fateful quality in the politics of South Africa that, from the earliest period of our administration, has broken the ideals and wasted the efforts of the flower of British

brain and character. In Australia, Canada, and other colonies, Prime Ministers may come and go, and the majorities behind them have all equally proved themselves to be Imperial in intention; but this was not the case at the Cape when Jameson took office in 1904, and his defeat then would have had more far-reaching effects than to-day. Those who strive impersonally with far-seeing purpose must inevitably be lonely, and there was much that was more than usually responsible, much that was solitary and food for discouragement, in Jameson's Premiership during the four years from 1904 to 1908. In the following chapter we shall sketch in more detail the actual work he accomplished in that period.

CHAPTER VIII.

“PREMIERSHIP.”

“The spice of Life is battle. The best that is in us is better than we can understand, for it is grounded beyond experience and guides us, blindfold but safe, from one age to another.”

BEFORE attempting any chronological record of Jameson's career as Premier, it is necessary, even at the price of dullness, to first explain the position occupied by the Cape in relation to the other South African states. To the Empire this colony, by reason of her naval station at Simonstown, is of supreme strategic importance, but within the sub-continent her trade position has gradually weakened.

Previous to the War, the Cape ports and State railway system had, despite their greater distance from Johannesburg, the market centre of South Africa, managed to secure the larger share of the transport of over-sea imported goods for that city. For this purpose the Colony had, at various times, spent millions upon her harbours at Cape Town, Port Elizabeth and East London, and in improving

the railway systems connected with them. This money had been expended in anticipation of an increased production from the Transvaal gold mines, and a consequent increase in the volume of imported goods for the transport of which the Cape expected to retain her full share. Upon these somewhat optimistic anticipations she had depended for revenue as well as for payment of interest on the monies borrowed. Meanwhile her two coast rivals in the carrying trade—Natal, with her port at Durban, and Delagoa Bay, whose railway system was partly under Portuguese and partly under Transvaal control—had also, in the same optimistic spirit, spent large sums in developing their ports and railway systems.

Although these latter harbours were much nearer to Johannesburg than any of the Cape ports, the gradients on their railway routes were steeper and their management not quite so efficient or economic as that of the Cape railway system. For the purpose, however, of preventing a war of railway rates, and a reckless cutting of prices, these three competitors had, on various occasions, met at railway conferences, but no principle of distribution had been agreed upon, and much of the Cape's former trade was beginning to slip away from her ports.

This was approximately the situation when Jame-son took office in February, 1904. He then found that Sir Gordon Sprigg had left the Treasury chest absolutely empty ; that the expenditure had risen from eight to ten millions, and the revenue had fallen in the same scale ; while for actual current administrative purposes the sum of three millions was owing to the savings banks, ordinary banks, guardian funds and other creditors. There was, in fact, an enormous debt unsecured, without a farthing to pay it with, or to carry on the administration of the Colony.

With the aid of Mr. Walton, the Treasurer, Jame-son was able to grapple with the immediate need for money, but owing to the depressed condition of the Transvaal gold mines and consequent contraction in the volume of imported goods, the revenue from the railways continued steadily to decrease ; and the dumping down of surplus military stores after the War seriously affected the merchants and traders throughout the country.

The depression was still further accentuated by the action of the Transvaal Government, who, in order to gain permission to recruit for native labour within Portuguese territories, gave every facility for the carriage of goods for Johannesburg from

Delagoa Bay. The practical effect of this arrangement was to reduce the Cape's already reduced railway revenue, and to still further impoverish the already stricken merchants and agents at its ports, while those at Delagoa Bay became comparatively prosperous. At a later period, two more difficulties awaited the Cape's carrying trade prospects. In 1905 the Rhodesian administration determined to favour Beira as their port of entry, rather than Cape Town or Port Elizabeth. This involved a further loss of revenue to the Government, and created a difficult position for Jameson in his dual capacity as Premier, and a director of the British South Africa Company. Further, in 1907, the British shipping ring granted more favourable ocean freights to Durban than to Cape ports. This ring, by a system of deferred rebates, which were forfeited by any person or firm who shipped goods by vessels outside the ring, had created for itself so powerful a monopoly that it could differentiate in its rates between big and small firms, and even, as in the above case, between the Cape and Natal.

In the face of such a combination of opposing forces, it was obvious that no Government could hope to recover for the Cape its full pre-War share

of the carrying business, or restore to their former prosperity the merchants, agents and other wealth distributors living in the towns. Handicapped by her geographical position, the Cape had no weapons wherewith to fight, and could only hope by negotiation, and by a continuity of inter-colonial agreements, to recover some of her rapidly diminishing carrying trade. She had to face the fact that the Transvaal, with its gold mines at Johannesburg and their annual output of over £20,000,000, their army of white employés and thousands of unskilled coloured labour, dominated the politico-economic position in South Africa. Not only was the coastal carrying trade oriented upon Johannesburg, but all roads led to that city, and each state sought to find therein a market for its agricultural and industrial products. Despite the exports to Europe of wool, ostrich feathers and diamonds from the Cape, despite the wheat-growing and cattle-rearing capacities of the Orange River Colony, and despite the coal treasures of Natal, the trade and general prosperity of the whole sub-continent in a very large measure depends upon the small area of gold-producing mines in the Transvaal. The ore in these, however, is not always rich, and in most cases the margin between the money spent in

producing the gold and the actual amount of gold remaining for profit is small. A very slight difference in the cost of production makes all the difference as to whether a mine pays to work or not ; and no one is going to spend a sovereign in extracting a sovereign. Apart from an adequate supply of unskilled labour, the successful working of these mines depends upon the cost of living and standard of wages. The lower these are, the greater the number of tons of ore, and of mines, that can be worked to a profit. But in a city so far inland as Johannesburg, the cost of living and of all sorts of materials is determined by the cost of railway charges from the coast ; and it was, therefore, essential that these should be as low as possible. But if low railway rates were necessary to the Transvaal consumers, they were equally ruinous to the taxpayers of the Cape ; for the latter Colony could not compete successfully in any war of railway rates with the nearer ports of Durban and Delagoa Bay.

Lord Selborne, in his memorandum, puts the case very clearly. “ Thus the interests of Cape Colony, of Natal, and of the Orange River Colony conflict the one with the other. But when it comes to considering the railway interests of the Transvaal, then

it will be found that the interests of the Transvaal are diametrically opposed to the interests of Cape Colony, of Natal, and Orange River Colony. The Transvaal loses revenue in every ton of goods which enters by any other port but that of Delagoa Bay."

Fiscal interests, moreover, proved as incompatible to reconcile as railway revenues, and the conflict of interest between the Transvaal and the Cape was not confined to railway rates alone. Both the Transvaal and also the Cape farmers sought their markets in Johannesburg, but while the former needed protection, the Cape farmers, as the most distant, could only successfully compete if they were granted preferential railway rates. Unless, therefore, the Transvaal and the Cape could merge their opposing interests in some inter-colonial co-operative agreement, the situation contained all the possibilities of a war of railway rates and tariffs, in which the Cape must inevitably be at the mercy of her neighbours. In other words, if the Transvaal were to recede from the Customs Union, to adopt a protective policy in the interests of her farmers and consumers, and to erect a ring fence of Customs Houses round her frontiers, the delicately adjusted balance of trade throughout the sub-continent would be overthrown, and the Cape,

more especially, would lose the benefit of the millions she had spent in railways, harbours and ports.

It was obviously, therefore, necessary for the Cape in her own interest to support preferential railway rates for her farmers, the maintenance of a Customs Union, and every form of federative action, as it was only by a process of clever bargaining at inter-colonial conferences that she could hope to further her own particular interests.

The conventions that were thus arrived at were at best but poor makeshifts for any general South African policy, and were only tolerated because the different States were unable either to remain separate or to unite on satisfactory terms. In the bargainings that took place at the four inter-colonial conferences between 1904 and 1908, it was fortunate for the Cape that she was represented by a man like Jameson, who was at once a fighter and a persuader of men, and who, in no parochial spirit, strove for the Cape's interests, but always kept in view the wider needs of a united South African continent, some definite scheme of political union, either unification or federation.

Until this could be formulated and agreed upon, no South African policy was possible. Despite the

fact that the boundaries of the different States are mere map-drawn lines ; despite the fact that the white community is a mere islet in an ocean of coloured peoples, who daily grow more capable of organization and menace ; despite the unsatisfactory results of makeshift conventions, and the general economic disadvantages of inter-state rivalry in railways and tariffs, no machinery exists for a common South African action, either in respect of these matters or of defence of native administration. Meanwhile, to further emphasize the waste of time and money thus occasioned, the cost of administering the affairs of the sub-continent is enormous ; the salaries of the members of eight legislative bodies, namely, an Upper and Lower House in each state, and those of four Government House establishments, together with that of a High Commissioner and his staff, constitute a record for a maximum of administrative expenditure with a minimum of result.

Public opinion in South Africa is not naturally inclined to take long views, but gradually, under pressure of such wasteful conditions, it was being educated to perceive the absolute necessity for some definite form of union and central authority.

Lord Selborne's memorandum of 1907 made

articulate the growing consciousness of this need. It demonstrated the fact that, in respect of the strictly internal affairs of South Africa, the people of South Africa are not self-governing in respect of South African affairs, because they have no South African Government wherewith to govern.

The effect of this memorandum was to lift the question of closer union out of its academic, after-dinner peroration stage, and to prepare the way for its becoming a matter of practical politics. It was, however, not until after Jameson's defeat had placed the Bond party in power at the Cape that the leaders of the Dutch political organizations in the Transvaal and Orange River Colonies determined to co-operate with the Bond leaders in hastening a unification of South Africa on a basis likely to ensure for them, and for their majorities, a political ascendancy for many years to come. Consequently, at the railway and customs conference in May, 1908, they made the question of closer union a matter of urgent practical politics, and shelved all other questions until its form could be decided upon by a meeting of delegates from all colonies to be held at Durban in October, 1908.

At the time Responsible Government was granted

to the Transvaal and Orange River Colonies Jameson foresaw that he would have to abandon any hopes of federation on a British basis and await the decision of the Dutch political ascendancy in the matter. The idea of a Federal Parliament dealing with South African questions, framed more on the Canadian model than the Australian, and delegating to the existing State Parliaments local powers, had been part of the heritage that he had received from Rhodes, and for the realization of some scheme of union of this kind he had persistently striven. Unification, or the establishment of one central Parliament for South Africa, was obviously a more economical form of administration; but this Jameson did not consider immediately practical, in view of the ignorance and unenlightened condition of a very great number of the country voters, especially the Dutch. But whatever form the federation might take, Rhodes and Jameson had always conceived of it as a federation under British, and not under Dutch, ascendancy. The great obstacle to their scheme of federation was the difficulty of arriving at some inter-state arrangement on the subject of native franchise.

Since 1853 the native has been granted a vote in the Cape Colony. Rhodes, who, in the early

days of Kimberley, had witnessed the evils of the blanket vote, had, as Premier, at once raised both the educational and property qualifications for the native. Even with this raised qualification, it is an unedifying spectacle during elections to see the representatives of the two white races metaphorically wearing away the buttons of their waistcoats in crawling for the native vote. This, however, does not affect the principle that Rhodes laid down in his declaration of equal rights for all civilized peoples, and which Jameson has persistently reaffirmed. It is probable that Rhodes never contemplated the possibility of such a complete Boer supremacy as that which now administers South African affairs; and there were many who, after the grant of responsible government to the two Dutch colonies, were for abandoning the whole of Rhodes' federal policy; but Jameson at once took the bolder view. "No," he said; "federation has been our objective in the past, and we cannot now turn our backs on the principle because it will be carried through by Dutch rather than by British influence." He never for a moment wavered, and subsequently made his standpoint very clear. Speaking at Grahamstown in 1907 on the eve of the coming elections, he said:

“This contest is going to decide what position the Cape Colony is going to occupy, and every individual in the Cape Colony is going to occupy, in the coming union between the different states of South Africa. This Parliament that will be appointed by the electors at this coming contest, will put in power a government for five years, and if I am not very much mistaken (I know I am supposed to be an optimist, but I really believe that my optimism will come true this time), in five years the South African states will be federated in some form or other. (Cheers.) What is the attitude of Mr. Merriman towards this question of union? Well, he gave us some very fine ideals at Port Elizabeth the other day. I endorse all those fine ideals, but those ideals alone will not carry Union in this country. We must get to practical details. What did he say? He absolutely refused to grasp the thistle of details. On this question of Union, I am prepared to grasp the thistle; I am prepared to go into details. I have been put down as a federationist. The fact of the matter is, I say if we are to realize our ideal of a South African nationality nothing short of unification will bring that about. (Cheers.) Theoretically, I am in favour of unification, but I am a practical man,

and see the difficulties ahead. I am not going to ruin a cause by swallowing the apple whole when I can swallow a bite of it and get the apple later on. (Cheers.) Mr. Merriman has told you you can never unify in this country except from sentiment. I agree that sentiment is a large factor ; but it is not the only factor, and if we depend on sentiment alone, as practical people we shall never get Union at all. We must appeal also to the material advantages, and they must be apparent to every man in South Africa. (Cheers.) The real difficulty is the native franchise question, and Mr. Merriman has told us that we must not bring this question into party politics. We must bring everything into party politics, but we must not do so from the party politics point of view, but from the inherent merits of the case. (Cheers.) It is all very well for us to say, or for Mr. Merriman to say, that the matter of the natives is not to be brought into party politics ; but what do our friends the natives and their leaders say ? We acknowledge in this Colony that the natives are full citizens, with citizens' rights. (Cheers.) We know that in the neighbouring Colonies they are not acknowledged as citizens, with citizens' rights, and Mr. Merriman told us that he is in sympathy with

the authorities in the adjoining Colonies. Must not that at once create a certain amount of suspicion among our native friends, and must they not be allowed to ask the various candidates what their views are on this subject of vital importance to them, supposing any change takes place, such as unification or federation? Surely the natives have the right to ask that. (Applause.) We have a definite policy—we are not afraid of interpreting that policy and definite programme, and included in it are absolute equal rights for every civilized man. (Loud cheers.) The neighbouring Colonies will, in time—not at present—come to our theory on the native question, and will acknowledge their rights as citizens. (Cheers.) Coming down in the train this afternoon, I read that interesting speech of General Botha’s—(Cheers)—given on Dingan’s Day. What did he say in the last two lines? I know the Transvaal is not in favour of our policy; the Orange River Colony is not in favour; Natal is tentative. The last two lines of General Botha’s speech said that the natives must be Christianized and educated. (Cheers.) Well, if they are Christianized and educated, and become civilized men, and, except for their colour, the same as us, they will demand citizens’ rights, and they will

get them. (Cheers.) That being so, it will take time. Therefore, I say the franchise question is probably a bar to unification. Some of my friends disagree with me, and they say 'No, it can be got over.' I am not dogmatic. I have a perfectly open mind, and am willing to be convinced. I have thought of it carefully and I can conceive no scheme that will satisfy every section of the population, and, therefore, in the meantime let us go for federation. But if there is such a scheme, and it will maintain the rights of the people—(Cheers)—then by all means I shall vote with both hands for unification, as the bigger ideal of the two." (Cheers.)

These words clear up all doubt as to Jameson's attitude on these two very important questions of native franchise and of closer union, which are perhaps the most important problems that confront all South African politicians.

There yet remains a brief explanation of the peculiar position that Jameson from the first occupied in respect of his Progressive constituents. These were mainly the British merchants, agents and traders residing in the towns, whose interests as consumers were often directly opposed to those of the land-owning

Dutchmen who formed the backbone of the Bond Opposition party. Beyond their capital and labour, these merchants and traders possessed few wealth-producing assets, and were mainly circulators and distributors of the Colony's wealth. The Dutch landowners, however, possessed in their soil a wealth-producing asset, for whose development State aid in the interest of the Colony generally was imperatively necessary. Owing to automatic trade movements over which he had no control, Jameson was in the position of being unable to give economic assistance to the wealth distributors who were his political friends ; whilst he had to strain every nerve to help the wealth-producing Dutch farmers and wine-growers who were his political opponents.

With each succeeding year, the peculiar features of this situation made themselves more manifest. The merchants and town-dwellers steadily became poorer, whilst the landowners waxed daily more prosperous. Bankruptcies, which were only too frequent amongst the town-dwellers, were almost unheard of amongst the farmers, whose prosperity by 1908 was so established that the story was current of a wealthy Dutch sheep-owner whose chief and only complaint was that “ his ewes would lamb too fast.” Another Dutch ostrich-farmer com-

plained bitterly of the income tax on incomes above £1,000, and as instancing its awful injustice, pointed out that one of his neighbours had to pay income tax on £12,000 a year and another on £17,000.

In any other country such marked prosperity of the land-owning class would have had a beneficial effect upon trade generally, by quickening the circulation of money, and by increasing the amount to be handled by merchants and traders. But Dutch landowners, both by circumstance and by nature, are not money-spenders. Trained to hardship, the very virtues of their pioneership become an economic defect. Their excessive sturdiness, and more especially that of their *wrouws*, so limits their ideas of comfort that they have not even an elementary desire for the social luxuries and environment that usually accompanies the possession of large incomes. Grim, austere and deliberate in their outlook upon life, the current of their emotional natures runs deep, and but seldom rises to the surface. With a low standard of physical comfort, they have but very few intellectual or artistic temptations on which to spend money, and the lighter joys, the Parisian refinements, even the ordinary *joie-de-vivre* of life, are far from them. Because of his many limita-

tions, the Dutch farmer is easily suspicious of anything and anybody outside the ken of his own actual or ancestral experience ; and his practicality in this respect often goes the length of not allowing his golden sovereigns to go out of sight or touch. He is more prone, in fact, to hoard his gold than either to spend it or to keep it in circulation by placing it in a bank.

He is, moreover, in more ways than one, a law unto himself, and in the pursuit of a racial or political idea is quite capable of upsetting the common experience of mankind with regard to the distribution of wealth. In these and other respects the workings of his mind—like the mental paths of the native—have not yet been discovered. Dutchmen possess a wonderful power of silent combination for some object known only to themselves. So subtle is this understanding, that a Britisher living on close friendly terms with his Dutch neighbours would never even suspect its existence. By 1908 the difference between the prosperity of the Dutch landowners and the poverty of the British merchants and traders became so marked that it was currently rumoured that the Bond had ordered the former to hoard their gold so long as Jameson and the Progressives were in power.

. The atmosphere of South Africa seems to breed rumours of every possible kind. Too often they are malignant in character and disseminate poisonous discord and suspicion amongst the few scattered humans who strive to people the vast spaces of the land. In this particular instance, if the report be true, it shows up the dogged racial and political purposiveness of the Dutch ; and even if untrue, it reveals the authority that, by a general consensus of opinion, is attributed to the Bond over its constituents. Whatever their motive, the action of these Dutch landowners in thus failing to put their increasing sovereigns into circulation, completely upset Jameson's legitimate anticipations, who had naturally expected that the whole community would have benefited from the increasing prosperity of the landowning class.

His disappointment in this respect made his position more difficult with his followers, and created a greater strain upon their allegiance. Not unnaturally, the Progressive party kicked against having to bear the burden of taxation, and even to make sacrifices in the economic interests of their political opponents—the Dutch landowners ; who, on their side, did not even attempt to play the game. During the first two sessions the Progressives bore

the situation patiently ; but in 1906 they openly revolted against an amendment to the effect that any meat duty, once reimposed, should not be suspended except by consent of both Houses of Parliament. Jameson supported this amendment, which was moved by a British Progressive farmer, but almost all the town representatives of his party voted in the opposition, and he and his Ministry were only saved from defeat by the support of nearly the whole strength of the Bond party, who voted in its favour. In other words, twenty-two town Progressive members, representing a total of some two hundred thousand town voters, out of a total of five hundred and eighty thousand white voters in the Colony, revolted in the interests of the general consumer for a lowered cost of living, and refused to support the landowners' claims for duties on imported meat.

But, added to the economic hopelessness of the Progressives, was the political despair occasioned, not so much by the actual grant of responsible government to the Transvaal, as by the manner in which it was done, and by the fact that it was unaccompanied by any attempt whatsoever to safeguard the welfare of the British minority. The excessive sensitiveness displayed by the Imperial

Government towards Dutch feeling, the excessive regard shown for the political and economic interests of the Dutch throughout South Africa, and the utter lack of sympathy and regard for the Britisher's interests of any kind, all served to re-plunge the Progressive party at the Cape into that condition of apathy and indifference to Imperial interests into which they had fallen in previous years. Rightly or wrongly, Britishers in the sub-continent felt that their country neglected their interests. To-day they are a disappointed people living in the midst of triumphant opponents, to whom country and race have been the religion and the alpha and omega of all purpose in life. No doubt the Britisher, like the Dutchman, is content that the sub-continent should remain within the British Empire, as thereby he gains for the moment a cheap, safe, and easy form of naval protection ; but, apart from his material advantages in this respect, he has ceased for the time being to have any pride in, or enthusiasm for, the record of Imperial administration in South Africa.

Gradually the Progressive party tended to disintegrate into groups, with different economic rather than political aims. There was a small British farmer group, demanding increased protec-

tion for the agricultural interest ; there was a Cape manufacture group, demanding protection for Cape factories ; and there was a powerful free trade group, more or less under the lead of an able town Progressive, Mr. Jagger. These groups were all frankly parochial, and eager to gain some immediate economic relief for themselves. Generally speaking, the Progressive party became more or less indifferent to all wider political questions except those which directly and immediately affected their material interests. This was forcibly illustrated at Port Elizabeth, when an audience, representing the best intellectual and commercial elements in that city, paid scant attention to a really interesting political speech of Mr. Merriman, but roused itself to fierce interest in questions relating to the special railway needs of their port.

No country in the Empire is so rich in strange *bouleversements* as South Africa, and on a psychic plane, the evolution of Jameson's character during the years of his Premiership reveals an interesting change. By nature quick beyond the quickness of ordinary men, he was, before the Raid, himself a centre of impetuosity, and with fiery impatience endeavoured to override every obstacle in his path. But so strictly had he constrained

himself as Premier, that towards the end of his four years' administration it was the impatience of his party with his patient, long-sighted, statesmanlike methods that largely caused them to disintegrate and fall away from his leadership.

All these matters formed, as it were, the background of Jameson's administration, and some brief sketch of them was necessary before attempting to describe the course of events in his four years of office.

He opened his first session in February, 1904, in a speech revealing the grave financial condition of the country, and setting forth the constructive nature of his programme. This included an Additional Representation Bill, measures for retrenchment, temporary abolition of all protective duties on meat and foodstuffs, in order to give the country time to replenish its exhausted resources, and taxation proposals which fell equally on English and Dutch alike. The income-tax of one shilling in the pound on incomes of one thousand pounds a year and upwards included within its scope mining companies like De Beers, Johannesburg millionaires with residences at the Cape, manufacturers, and also, to their great disgust, the prosperous Dutch landowners. An excise duty of six shillings per

gallon on wine and spirits directly affected the Dutch farmers, whom, however, the Government assisted by advancing money against their brandy, and by affording them facilities for its storage and distribution. Previous administrations had failed to carry out taxation on these lines, but Jameson maintained to the last that the excise was a just tax, an expedient tax, and that it had come to stay.

The real fight, however, took place over the Additional Representation Bill. This was in no sense a Redistribution Bill introducing a new electoral system; but was a measure urgently needed in order to remove some of the glaring anomalies that had arisen owing to the changes and increases of population during recent years. Between 1865 and 1898 the number of voters had increased from 38,000 to 135,000; but only thirteen new members had been added. In other words, 38,000 voters had an excess of representation, while 97,000 voters were either inadequately represented or had no representation at all. In order to partially remedy this state of things, Jameson's Bill proposed to create nine new members for town constituencies, some of which had considerable Dutch influence, and, so far from swamp-

ing the country interests, it still left many urban districts unrepresented. Under the circumstances, as the majority of the unrepresented town voters were British, the Bill inevitably and in all fairness increased the strength of the Progressives ; and it was a foregone conclusion that the Bond would fight the measure tooth and nail.

Although during the elections the Progressives had promised fairer representation, it was a very daring thing for an untried Premier, with a bare working majority, to start with a measure that simply flung the glove in the faces of his opponents. The Bill, however, was absolutely just and necessary, and as race feeling throughout the Colony was, in any case, still fiercely aflame, there was nothing to be gained by delay.

Both during and after the War, in many districts in the Cape the Dutch had persisted in a systematic social ostracism and trade boycott of all those Britishers or Afrikanders who had shown themselves loyal to British interests. This bitterness throughout the Colony reflected itself in the House of Assembly, where there was little or no social intercourse between the representatives of the two parties, and members did not cross the floor to speak to each other.

In such an atmosphere it was not unnatural that the Dutch gave full rein to their bitter opposition to this Redistribution measure. Dreadful, indeed, were their prophecies.

The Bill would “create an Ireland within the Colony ; it would for ever make any co-operation between the two races impossible.” One Bondman described it as “the latest Jamesonian invention, patented in the Transvaal.” Eventually the Opposition resorted to stone-walling, and the first all-night sitting lasted from 9 p.m. to noon the next day. The Government whips were to a certain extent unprepared, and spent an anxious night keeping members from their homes, and searching distractedly for sleepers in the nooks and corners of the House. For the second night, however, elaborate preparations were made in respect of blankets and food, and the Opposition were invited to share the hospitality of the Government in this respect. Jameson, however, had determined to follow British precedent and apply the closure, which he did after this sitting had lasted from 2 p.m. till 8 a.m. the following morning.

Amongst the many incidents of this prolonged and racial struggle, the extraordinary endurance of Dr. Jane Warterton, who occupied the Strangers’

Gallery during both sittings from start to finish, without leaving her seat, is one of the most remarkable. This lady, a physician of no mean repute, a philanthropist to whom the poor of Cape Town are eternally indebted, and a staunch Progressive, remained in the Gallery the whole of each night and left the House each morning the freshest and least overcome of them all. Jameson stuck to his seat closer than any other member of his side, but even he could not do without food or cigarettes, and was an easy second to his professional lady colleague and political supporter.

The Dutch are curiously superstitious, and, by the second morning, many of the country members began to regard this lady's presence as an omen of their defeat. With the exception of a few passages at arms, the struggle was carried out with a singular absence of personal friction, and Jameson crowned his victory by going out of his way to congratulate the Opposition on the gallant and determined fight they had made. His tact and chivalry in this instance made a great impression on the Dutch members, who had anticipated his foot upon their necks, but, instead, found themselves raised by the hand to the seat of honour. To weakness, masquerading as magnanimity, they

had long been accustomed. They had, in fact, grown to consider concessions as a right, and, accepting all that was offered them, had pursued, tongue in cheek, the racial tenor of their way.

On this occasion, however, they had been for the first time for many years solidly opposed and beaten ; and yet, because of the grace of their conqueror, their pride in themselves was uplifted rather than destroyed. With the power in his hands, Jameson could afford to be conciliatory, and his Amnesty Act for pardoning some of the rebels and for reducing the punishment of treason to a minimum had all the charm of the unexpected to the Opposition.

At the same time, he strained every effort to find money to spend in assisting irrigation, in providing facilities for storage of brandy and other products, in bringing out experts to educate the farmers in the more scientific methods of making wine and butter. He further directly encouraged agricultural co-operation by arranging for a Government loan of two pounds for every one expended by co-operative groups on legitimate experiments in farming or fruit-growing.

In all these matters he received the most complete and loyal support from his colleagues, and despite the unpopularity of retrenchment measures

and the increasing falling-off in trade returns, his first session was undoubtedly a success.

But the incessant strain of the elections and subsequent work so told upon his health, that he was compelled, after the session, to return to England, and spend some time at Carlsbad. He had barely recovered from his cure, and had just begun to take a legitimate holiday and enjoy shooting visits to his friends, when the necessities of the Colony demanded his return in September, 1904.

In the intervening months, after his return, and before the session of 1905, he got into personal touch with many of the Dutch farmers and representatives, and eventually persuaded two Bond members to sit on the agricultural Commission of enquiry which the Bond caucus and Opposition had, for political reasons, opposed. Moreover, their constituents supported these two members in their refusal to sacrifice their obvious economic interests to the mere political dictates of the Bond; and such revolts have been rare occurrences in its history.

In the spring of 1905, Jameson represented the Cape at a conference at Johannesburg on the subject of railway rates for over-sea traffic, at which representatives from the Transvaal, Natal and Delagoa Bay were also present. Its object was to

readjust the arrangement whereby Delagoa Bay had secured a bigger share of the carrying trade, and to endeavour to arrive at a more equitable distribution of traffic between the competitors. For months previously he had been negotiating for this conference, and it was only through Lord Milner's assistance that it was convened. On these occasions each representative naturally endeavours to secure the best bargain possible for his own colony or port, but the discussions which involve mazes of figures and technicalities are usually left to experts. Jameson, however, was determined to master for himself in detail the whole question, and, with extraordinary pertinacity, stuck to his task, working day and night, and also during every waking moment of a two-and-a-half days' railway journey to Johannesburg. At the end of seven days' discussion he practically got the Delagoa Bay representatives to agree to a principle of distribution whereby the Cape, Natal and Delagoa Bay were each to have the carriage, approximately, of one-third of the total volume of over-sea imported goods for the north. The agreement, however, was subject to ratification in Lisbon. To obtain this ratification as speedily as possible was vital to Cape railway revenue, and to its mer-

chants and agents, but the delays of the Foreign Office officials in London and Lisbon proved an insurmountable obstacle ; and it was not till Jameson had personally and persistently visited the Foreign Office in London that any pressure was brought to bear upon Lisbon for a reply.

Immediately after the conference, he motored from Johannesburg to Cape Town *viâ* Basutoland, for the purpose of investigating a proposed railway extension to tap the resources of that territory. Shortly after his return he was laid up with a troublesome and painful illness. It was the busiest moment before the session, and lying in bed or on the sofa, he daily received an endless stream of callers, listening with patience to their statements, only to writhe with agony the moment they had left the room.

Perhaps the most important legislative measure of the busy session of 1905 was the Education Bill. In their zeal for exclusiveness, the Dutch are especially jealous in endeavouring to protect their children from any form of education which might possibly weaken their national consciousness or racial prejudice. The average Boer *predikante* is generally an embittered anti-Briton and hands on the torch of racialism from generation to genera-

tion. Great care has to be taken lest the Boer children should be so educated in history that they could question his authority and the truth of his too often false and distorted racial utterances.

The real fight lay in the appointment of teachers, and Jameson wisely, not wishing to force the situation, agreed to a compromise whereby the control of elementary education remained in the hands of the local committees, subject, however, to the final supervision and authority of the Education Department. But having compromised with the Opposition on this matter, he resolutely fought them on their motion to include the Taal amongst the subjects for the Civil Service examinations.

In no great dependency of our Empire have the conditions for agricultural development been entirely favourable. Australia has her droughts, Canada her winter. In South Africa, and certainly in Cape Colony, one of the many obstacles has been the antipathy of the Dutch landowner to any departure from the rude, wasteful methods of his ancestors in farming and wine-making. Especially has he objected to any State interference in the direction of enforced regulations to prevent the spread of scab or other animal diseases. Jameson made every effort to overcome their prejudices; and

previous to the 1905 session, he had appointed an agricultural Commission of enquiry, and in defiance of the orders of the Bond caucus, had succeeded in persuading two Bond members to accept seats thereon. As a result of the work of the Commission, he was able to carry through a Bill for reorganizing the Agricultural Department, and for creating Agricultural Boards in order to supply up-to-date information throughout the Colony.

The work of the session also included a Workmen's Compensation Bill, and a rather interesting anti-Trust measure, in the shape of a Meat Monopoly Bill, for the purpose of protecting retail butchers from being crushed out by the various cold storage companies and organizations.

Meanwhile, as the session progressed, it became evident that the flame of racial feeling was abating. The debates became less rancorous. Members freely crossed the floor of the House to speak to each other, and a much more genial and companionable spirit prevailed. Doubtless, many causes co-operated in this direction; but the two principal factors were, firstly, the non-racial character of the Government's administration, its genuine attempts to assist the agricultural and commercial interests of the Colony, the unexpected generosity of the

Amnesty Act, and the tactful compromise on the Education Bill. Secondly, Jameson's personal magnetism had daily made itself more felt. By his firmness, his wonderful self-command, his tact and cleverness in meeting difficult situations, he had not only justified to his party their election of him as a leader, but the Dutch, who have all the Oriental's respect for strength that makes itself felt, were obliged somewhat reluctantly to admit the just and moderate manner in which he exercised his power. The charm of his personality had begun to affect even the most disaffected. “I came to Parliament, meaning to hunt him,” said a staunch Bondman, “but it looks as if I meant to follow him.”

On a youthful occasion Lord Curzon, in deprecating the personal influence of Mr. Gladstone on political parties, said, “He has introduced the paradoxes of lovers into the lobby of the House of Commons.” Dutchmen do not usually fly to such rhetorical heights as these ; but in their more simple speech they expressed much the same thing.

A Dutch lady of social position confessed to the writer that she spent her time stiffening the Boer members to resist the magnetism of a personality that was revolutionizing them politically and

socially ; while another lady, whose influence was considerable with Dutch families, and who was at first Jameson's bitter opponent, came to write of him that " he will live as the great peace-maker." The largest pears the writer has ever seen were sent as a present to the Doctor by one of his previously most rancorous Dutch detractors.

But there was no real break-up of the solidarity of the Bond positions, and the racial cleavage was constantly in evidence. As, for instance, when there were two candidates for a post in the House, one a Britisher and the other an Afrikaner, no Progressive voted for the latter, and no member of the Opposition for the former. Again, after the defeat of Mr. Malan's motion for making the Taal a compulsory subject in the Civil Service examination, many of the Dutch members, for the purpose of staging their motion, continued the debates for a short time in Dutch ; as soon, however, as their disappointment was over they relapsed into English. Notwithstanding the growing confidence that Jameson had enkindled for his policy, both in the House and throughout the country, he was unable to prevent the inevitable tendency towards division that displayed itself within the Progressive party. Towards the end of the session some

of the country members, whose farms were progressing and whose stock had multiplied, demanded protective meat duties, while the constituencies of Port Elizabeth and East London, in their despair at the continued diversion of their trade both to Delagoa Bay and to Beira, threatened to turn out their Progressive representatives.

The session closed gloomily, and he returned to England in broken health. Unfortunately, the treatment at Carlsbad was not successful, and for some considerable time afterwards he was seriously unwell. But despite everything, he did not for one moment neglect to work tooth and nail to arouse the Colonial and Foreign Offices to the urgent necessity of bringing pressure to bear upon the Portuguese Government to ratify the railway rates according to the arrangement arrived at in Johannesburg early in the year. As already explained, the delay in Lisbon in ratifying this agreement was causing a serious loss at the Cape, and he was determined if possible to have the matter settled. The writer was present one morning when his doctor insisted upon performing at once a painful operation upon his side. Jameson immediately sent a message to the Colonial and Foreign Offices, where he had appointments, asking

them to postpone the interviews arranged for that morning till the afternoon. Scarcely was the wound bandaged than he was dressed, and within two hours, despite great pain, was impressing upon British officialdom in its sacred precincts the urgent need of prompt action.

It was a revelation to witness such a passionate service for purely impersonal ends, and any zeal for personal aggrandizement pales before the fire of Jameson's conception of loyalty and duty. In the midst of all this he suffered the loss by death of Mr. Owen Lewis, who had been associated with him from the start of his political career, whose expert knowledge of organization had been placed at his service, and who for some time past had lived as his friend and companion at Groote Schuur.

Meanwhile, however, the pressure of his work increased. In addition to the Lisbon matter, there was also a conference on shipping freights, at which representatives from the other colonies were present. Every morning his room at 2, Down Street, was, from nine till eleven, crowded with visitors. British and South African politicians, financiers, journalists, sculptors, pioneers, fruit and tobacco merchants, all thronged to snatch a short

interview with him. From these he would escape to attend a meeting of De Beers or the Chartered Company, or of Rhodes' trustees, and on each and all he was a fund of energy and initiation. His days of holiday were few and far between, and, even on these, he was as often as not visiting British statesmen of both parties, impressing upon them the big issues at stake in South Africa. It is no slight honour for a colony that its Premier should enjoy the personal confidence of his Sovereign and of the leading men of both parties in England.

With nothing definite in hand to show for his efforts, Jameson returned early in January, 1906, to Cape Town. Here he found a somewhat dissentient and faint-hearted party awaiting him. So profound, indeed, was their despondency, that many openly prophesied the downfall of the Progressives within the first weeks of the coming session. He at once attacked the situation with every weapon in his armoury. He interviewed without ceasing, argued with recalcitrants, overpersuaded those of doubtful heart, was by turns tactful and forceful, ever belittling the fears of his followers, and infecting them with that spirit of raillery that had always concealed the doggedness of his purpose.

His immediate work was to prepare for the important conference to be held at Pietermaritzburg, in Natal, on railways and Customs Union, at which every state in South Africa, including Rhodesia, was to be represented. He left early in March with two Dutch members, whom he had selected to join with him in representing the Colony on this occasion. The work of the conference was to reconsider all previous inter-colonial settlements, both with regard to railway charges and customs duties ; and so to adjust the railway profits as to make it possible for all the states, inland and coast, to accept one fixed, uniform tariff on all imported goods. In other words, this conference was nothing else but a big bargaining arrangement whereby, in a comprehensive scheme of give and take, railway rates were bartered against customs dues. For instance, the Cape would grant the Transvaal some advantage in respect of certain customs duties in return for the Transvaal agreeing to a certain scale of railway charges for the carriage of over-sea goods from the Cape ports. Or the Cape, again, would give Natal certain preferential rates for her coal to Kimberley in return for Natal agreeing to accept a smaller share of the carrying trade of imported goods to the north. In the absence of

any formal federation on these matters, these conferences were, at the best, only makeshift arrangements for tempering the competition between the railway systems of the different states, and for enabling the coast states to collect the customs dues and distribute them upon an accepted uniform basis. In view of the maelstrom of opposing interests that prevailed, it was obvious that the difficulties in the way of any settlement at this conference of 1906 were very great, and it was not until after weeks of discussion that a uniform tariff for all the colonies was agreed upon, and the principle established that, when once a uniform duty is fixed by the Union and has been ratified by the Parliament of each colony, no one colony can deviate from the duty so fixed without the consent of all other parties to the Union. Thus, when it was subsequently proposed by a majority vote of the Cape House of Assembly to raise the duty on imported meat to two-pence per pound, the Government was unable to bring in a Bill to give effect to the proposal until it had asked for the consent of the governments of the other colonies.

So far as the Cape was concerned, Jameson had every reason to be satisfied with the results

of his efforts. For his farmers he had secured preferential railway rates for their produce over Orange River and Transvaal railways ; and the duty of the Transvaal against Cape brandy and wine was reduced from fourteen shillings to six shillings per gallon. For his merchants and for the general body of taxpayers he had gained a more favourable share in the carrying trade of imported goods ; while the establishment of the principle of the Customs Union was a definite step in the direction of that closer union or federation on which, both in the interests of his Colony and of the sub-continent, his heart was set.

Unfortunately, however, the results of the conference were not generally well received outside Cape Colony. The Transvaal and Orange River Colony did not get the cheap railway freights they wanted, and there was an outcry against the preferential rate to Cape brandy, and more general dissatisfaction with the fact that the cost of living was not rendered cheaper. In fact, the Transvaal authorities only agreed to ratify the Union on the understanding that the whole question was to be re-discussed at a conference to be called in 1908, when the existing arrangement was automatically to be declared at an end. Notwithstanding the economic

advantages of the Customs Convention, especially to the Dutch farmers and wine-growers, the Bond party, for political purposes, opposed the clause therein granting a preferential rate of twenty-five per cent. to British goods, but they were easily defeated, as some Bond members revolted, and voted for the Government.

Despite Jameson's victory in this respect, the growing discontent of the town representatives and the generally disintegrated condition of his party made his position daily more difficult; and he himself described it as “treading on egg-shells.”

As already stated, the nature of the grant of responsible government to the Transvaal had still further disheartened the Progressives, who were impatient at the failure of Jameson's policy to alleviate their economic distress, and who had already broken up into groups, each with its own economic panacea for its particular interests. On the other hand, the advent of Dutch political ascendancy in the two Colonies had stirred the blood and ambitions of the entire Bond party, and although the actual leaders, like Mr. Hofmeyr, still counselled patience, the mere parliamentary representatives were inspired to renew with redoubled vigour their harassing tactics,

In pursuance of these methods Messrs. Merriman and Sauer were very much to the fore. The former introduced a motion to reaffirm the resolution against Chinese labour that had already been passed in both previous sessions. There was no obvious reason for such a motion, but it gave them an opportunity for making a personal attack upon Jameson, so intemperate that it rallied his party in indignant protest, and thus recoiled against themselves. Jameson's speech in reply at once threw a cold douche upon Mr. Merriman's impassioned periods by quietly asking the House to descend from "eloquence" to "common-sense." He then went on to show that, in view of the opposition in the Transvaal to the Customs Union, and of the nightly meetings held against the introduction of Cape brandy, "how foolish" it would be to further embitter the relation between the two colonies. Finally, he pointed out that in less than a month the Transvaal would have responsible government, and added a rider to Mr. Merriman's motion, reaffirming previous resolutions and deprecating any interference with the internal arrangements of a neighbouring colony.

This discomfited the Opposition, and brought Mr. Sauer on to his legs. White to the lips, he

gave Jameson the lie without scruple, and declared that what he had said was not true, and that in reality he was in favour of Asiatics. The first and second time Jameson allowed this to pass, but the third he rose. “ I cannot be accused of falsehoods across the floor of this House,” he said with deliberate, but emphatic, *empressement*. Unabashed as usual, Mr. Sauer continued : “ If ever there was a piece of insincere humbug, it was this attempt of the Prime Minister to talk about popular rights.” “ He was a fine Constitutionalist ! ” “ A lot he had cared for the rights of the people in the past ! ” and so on. It is only fair to say of the Dutch representatives, especially those representing the landowning interests, that however ready to support the harassing policy of their leaders, they had more respect for themselves, and for the dignity of the House, than to follow in the methods of intemperate personal attack so persistently adopted by Mr. Sauer.

As a matter of fact, during the whole of the latter part of the session of 1906, the Progressives were simply treading water. The Opposition did not consider the moment opportune for proving their strength, while ministers simply held their party together as well as they could, and merely

offered a silent, passive resistance to the unpleasant skirmishes of the Opposition.

In May of 1907, Jameson came to London representing his Colony at the Colonial Premiers' Conference of that year. The strategical and Imperial importance of the Cape has already been stated. The naval base at Simon's Bay, for instance, must eventually provide the main station for coaling, repairing, and docking His Majesty's ships operating in southern waters in time of war. The closing of the Mediterranean or the blocking of the Suez Canal would force a vast confluence of traffic upon Table Bay, East London, and Port Elizabeth, and a proportionate naval squadron would be required for its protection. If India were threatened, troops and supplies would be crowding the same way. "Or if," as Mr. Seddon predicted, "the Pacific be the theatre of the next naval campaign, the Cape again would be the strategic centre. So essential is its maintenance as a military post, that were all Africa even as the Sahara, the Cape and its hinterland would be worth the terrible price we have paid for them."

It was, therefore, appropriate that the first resolution that Jameson submitted to the London Conference was one dealing comprehensively with the

whole question of defence amongst the sister-nations of the Empire. The Cape itself contributes towards the Imperial navy, and the maintenance of the West African and Cape squadrons ; she also maintains a force of seven hundred Mounted Rifles, ten thousand horse and foot Volunteers, while every able-bodied man is liable to be called for service in an emergency. His proposal was that there should be one big Imperial defence scheme, in which each dependency should be assigned its proper quota and contribution, while as complementary to this resolution, he next asked the Conference definitely to affirm that the self-governing colonies demand, as the essential condition of their taking due part in a scheme of Inter-State defence, proper representation upon an Imperial Council.

In this resolution Jameson was voicing the idea that for many years had been very much in Rhodes' mind. The same can be said of the next resolution, dealing with preferential trade, that he submitted, namely, that “ This Conference reaffirms the resolution adopted unanimously by the Colonial Conference held in London in 1902, and recognizes with extreme gratification the extent to which the principle of reciprocity has been accepted by the various Colonies. This

Conference, while adhering to the principle of preferential treatment of the products and manufactures of the United Kingdom, desires to impress upon His Majesty's Government the opinion that the continuance of such preferential treatment to the producers and manufacturers of Great Britain is largely dependent upon the granting of some reciprocal privileges to British Colonies."

These were the more important proposals entrusted to Jameson. The others included the desirability of providing alternate routes of cable communication, the exemption for shareholders resident in a British colony from taxation, both at home and in that colony, and the enactment of uniform laws for the granting and protection of merchandise marks and patents.

In introducing these questions, his grasp and lucidity of expression strongly impressed his fellow-Premiers, and he was a conspicuous supporter of Mr. Deakin, especially in the question of granting preferential rates.

Avoiding all unnecessary publicity, he attended as few public functions and entertainments as possible, leaving these to his colleague, Dr. Smartt, whose digestion, he declared, was stronger than his own. Together with the other Premiers, he

received the freedom of the City of London, of Manchester, and more especially, that of Edinburgh. Probably no honour or recognition that he had received since his accession to power at the Cape was so valued by him as this last, conferred upon him by his fellow-countrymen. True Scotchman that he is, the sense of achievement recognized in his own country, the pride of birthplace and nationality, in a word, his clansman spirit, was then aroused to the utmost. The congratulations of his fellow-countrymen and townsmen fell like music upon ears that had ever been deaf to flattery, and the honour that Edinburgh that day conferred upon her strenuous citizen for his Imperial services formed a laurel crown that the city was proud to grant and he proud to receive.

That General Botha and Jameson should represent respectively the Transvaal and the Cape at this important Conference was significant of a partial solution of the storm and stress of racial antagonisms that had prevailed during the past twenty years. The former represented the ideal of an Afrikaner ascendancy within South Africa, even if the country from Cape Town to the Zambesi saluted the British flag. The latter represented an ideal that, if not lost for ever, was at

all events temporarily obscured—the ideal of a South Africa peopled with keen Imperialists, both British and Dutch. Botha, the enlightened Dutchman, was satisfied now that he and his fellow-countrymen were the rulers of the sub-continent, and was content to use the British Navy for their protection as British subjects. Jameson was secretly sad at heart, but still strove in the interests of his fellow-Britishers in South Africa to make the best of the lost and defeated cause. The one a genial and astute representative of a people whose dogged and insistent race purpose had been achieved ; the other, the dogged, fighting representative of a nation whose vacillating and sentimental policy in South Africa had sacrificed the best interests and loyal hopes of its citizens in that land. None knew better than Jameson that as surely as the tide overwhelms the rocks, so surely is the rising flood of Dutch and Afrikander population gradually sweeping the British out of the country. But to the victors the spoil and the acclamations.

On his return from London in June, 1907, the Mayor of Cape Town invited all the South African Premiers to a banquet, and he took this opportunity to indicate his policy in respect of the

new situation that had been created by the accession to political power of the two Dutch Ministers in the Transvaal and Orange River Colony.

During his absence Mr. Hofmeyr had stated in a speech that the Progressive party had always shown a want of political confidence in the Dutch people. Jameson replied :

" This was true at one time. It is no longer true. (Loud cheers.) It was true before the events of the last five or six years. And why ? At that time, what we felt was that there was an idea, certainly not in the mind of Mr. Hofmeyr, or people like that, but in the minds of a certain portion of the people of this country, the idea of separation. And, therefore, at that time there was a feeling of a want of political confidence. But that is past absolutely. (Hear, hear.) It is past after the speeches I have listened to at the Conference day by day from General Botha. After I read that speech of Mr. Hofmeyr at Wellington I say that all those grievances are past, and that we are going to work together in the future.

" What we are working for is the federation of South Africa, as alluded to by the Mayor to-night—

a federated South Africa as part of the British Empire.” (Applause.)

He then went on to speak of the question of nationality. He said :

“ The Bond preached a nationality. It was natural. The Farmers’ Association afterwards formed itself into the Bond. They preached a nationality. We were later. We preached our nationality as strenuously and honestly as they did ; but they were before us. We had a bigger nationality to look to. We were perhaps absorbed in a bigger nationality—the British nationality. Our Dutch friends have long been cut off from the Motherland. They really had only South Africa itself to look to. I give our Dutch friends all credit for the earnest inception, according to their lights of nationality, which we have followed and not initiated ; but we have had it as strongly as they have. (Applause.) Our original idea was a British nationality *in* South Africa as part of it. (Hear, hear.) Our idea is still a greater British nationality, but also with it a South African nationality, and that is echoed by Mr. Hofmeyr in his speech, who said :

“ ‘ We cannot be expected to sing your national songs with the same verve that you do, but we

do say that it is a real and a thorough interest that we have in the British Empire and in the British Navy as a means to that end.’ (Applause.)

“Therefore I claim that we have got the real South African nationality, and that they have got our British nationality; and there is no reason why these two great parties in this country should not settle down and bring about the natural realization of that South African nationality in a federated South Africa, which will be part of the British Empire.” (Applause.)

There were many, both at home and in South Africa, who considered that on this occasion he had shown undue haste to forget the past, and that his views as to the future were too optimistic. There has, however, been no leader of men who has not possessed, or at all events pretended to possess, this quality. Unquestionably, Jameson is an optimist. He has said of himself:

“When we came into office with a beggarly Treasury, we were youthfully optimistic, and for the last four years, from year to year, almost from month to month (I have been as great a sinner as anyone), we have optimistically been hoping to turn the financial corner.”

Moreover, however right it might be for English

politicians to criticize the manner in which responsible government in the new Colonies had been granted, to point out the great risks involved, and the injustice done to Britishers thereby, it was impossible for Jameson to merely criticize, or even passively to resist, what was a *fait accompli*. Face to face with a situation that directly affected the Progressive party, he had to discover for his disheartened and countryless British supporters some national and political inspiration that would give them fresh courage and stimulate them to merge their parochial and self-interested views into a wider and more truly South African policy. It was doubtless a quixotic task to attempt to kindle in the present generation of Britishers any real fire for a South African nationality; but it was the only constructive possibility to him, and he made the most of it. His speech on this occasion drew a curtain over the suspicion and distrust of the past; it struck the first note of a new order of things, and rang in a feeling of renewed mutual confidence.

Although in reply the Bond leaders made no open avowal of a desire for closer union, yet in the session in July Mr. Malan put a question to the Government on the subject of federation,

indicating a desire that this should be a common cause, and asking what steps they had taken to direct the attention of the other colonies to the subject. Jameson replied by informing him of the communication sent by his Cabinet to the High Commissioner, which led up to Lord Selborne's able memorandum, and practically initiated a South African discussion on the subject.

Subsequently Mr. Malan formally brought forward his motion :

"That it is desirable that the Government of this Colony should approach the Governments of the other self-governing British Colonies to consider the advisability of taking preliminary steps to promote the union of British South Africa."

In the course of an able speech, he claimed that the matter should be treated as one of serious practical statesmanship, and not in the theoretical spirit of a debating society. For himself, he spoke "from a sincere desire to serve the best interests of South Africa." First, he laid down the principle that the spirit of the people is of more importance than the character of the Federal Constitution. Union must come, "not only from the people, but from the whole people." He told an anecdote of his recent visit to London. While he

was there, he was pursued by newspapers desiring interviews, and he gave them the text of a United South Africa. One of them remarked : " Oh, yes, it's all very well. It will mean a Dutch South Africa, and that's why Malan is in favour of federation." Mr. Malan was telling this to a Cabinet Minister in England, who observed : " Well, if they have a majority and they carry out the Constitution, why not ? " " I thanked him," said Mr. Malan, " as an Englishman for giving the reply ; but as a Dutch-speaking South African, I give this reply, that the time has passed when we should speak of Dutch and English on racial lines, and that when the day for Union comes, whether it is English or Dutch that are in the majority, it will make not the slightest difference ; because we are all working for one ideal. I don't want a Dutch South Africa."

Jameson seconded the motion. " I welcome the motion," he said, " still more the tone of the speech." He then passed on to the racial question : " A sentimental difficulty against which argument is powerless, but which must be got over before we come to the practical difficulties." " The only way to get over it," he declared, amid loud cheers, " is by adopting the attitude of Mr. Malan. We

must be prepared to place ourselves in the position of others on the subject.” On the language question, which is nearly allied to the racial problem, he went on to say: “I believe that we are drawing nearer to each other. I am perfectly willing to admit that this is now a bilingual country, and am also prepared to admit that it would be to the advantage of every man, woman and child if they understood both languages.” Continuing he said that “though all must agree that a unilingual is preferable to a bilingual country, we can’t get a unanimous voice on that question at present. And therefore we must help to foster the language which is the mother tongue of a large section of the people. We are prepared to go very far lengths to do that.”

The speeches of Mr. Malan and Jameson on this occasion will be notable for all time as heralding a new statesmanship for South Africa. The sound of their voices will prevail, even if for the moment it be lost amid the battle-cries of mere partisans, and in the din of parochial interests at party elections.

Shortly after this debate a fresh blow was struck at the Cape carrying trade by the action of the shipping ring in granting preferential freight charges

to Durban as against Cape ports, and Jameson was compelled to enter into hasty negotiations for an inter-colonial conference on the matter at Bloemfontein.

Both in the negotiations that preceded and also that took place at this conference, Jameson found a hearty supporter in General Botha, with whom he had been on very friendly terms since the Colonial Conference in London. Whether Jameson had in any way been able to influence General Botha's views in favour of a wide South African policy is, of course, mere surmise. Certain it is that the General has proved a staunch ally in maintaining the principle of the Customs Union against the more parochial-minded of his constituents, who demanded its abolition in favour of a Transvaal protective policy, chiefly in the interests of its farmers.

With General Botha's assistance at the Bloemfontein conference, Jameson again succeeded in getting back for the Cape a certain portion of the carrying trade, and as a net result of his efforts at this and the other conferences, he was subsequently able to claim that the Colony had during his administration retained sufficient to pay the deficit on the local lines built in the agricultural interest. "Mr. Merriman," he said, "states that

the death-knell of our carrying trade has been sounded ; but I can assure you that we have fought, and have kept enough of it practically to pay the deficit on all the agricultural lines that have been built ; and the result of the building of these lines has been that in the total tonnage carried on all our railways, half has been Colonial produce." This was the last conference he attended as Prime Minister.

Amongst minor matters during his last brief session of 1907, Jameson succeeded in passing the Credit Bank Bill and a Bill for Prohibiting the Exportation of Ostriches. In the face, however, of increasing uncertain support from his party, any constructive policy was impossible, and much time was occupied in passively resisting the mere harassing attacks of the Opposition. Then came the extraordinary situation created in the Upper House, where the Progressive majority was reduced in Committee to a minority, and the House refused to grant supplies.

He dissolved his Parliament, and appealed to the country on the Constitutional question ; but his position was very difficult. He had to defend his past years of administration, not only to the Dutch Opposition, but also to the British town-

dwellers, who were dissatisfied and impatient with the economic results. He and his Ministers were, in fact, exposed to an enfilading fire, and when the elections for the Upper House clearly showed that the feeling of the country was against the Progressives, he gladly resigned office.

In the speech to his constituents at Grahamstown in November, which opened the election campaign, Jameson reviewed the results of his policy :

“ Four years ago, when we took office, this country had gone through a calamitous war. Bitter feelings between the two great white races were rampant through the country. The finances of the country were practically in a desperate condition. We laid down at that time a broad policy, the first plank of which was, that we would do our utmost to obliterate, not only all recollection of the War, but all those bitter feelings which had arisen during and after the War. I claim that we have carried out that part of the programme. I can say honestly that, so far as the people of this country are concerned, racialism has disappeared. I pass by, in that connection, the professional politician, who will use it for party purposes ; but racialism in the hearts of the people of both parties is absolutely dead and gone. (Cheers.)

The second plank was that we would do our utmost to push forward the development of the natural resources of the country. There again, I say, we have carried out what we promised, so far as the third plank would allow us, and that was that we would put the finances of the Colony on a sound basis. Our development policy, of course, has been restricted for want of money; but that development has started a new era in this country, not only regarding agricultural, but also as regards the mineral development of the country. (Applause.)

“Believing in the country, we did not stop development in the country; but, on the other hand, at extra expense, we have increased facilities for education. We have brought education to the door of every child in this country, of whatever race, creed, or colour. (Cheers.) We have increased facilities for transport. We have built branch railways that did not pay, and we have been thoroughly justified with the increase of the traffic of Colonial produce, and that, even though our carrying trade was passing away. We have, further than that, also passed loans, hoping to get funds for the increase of agricultural development by means of irrigation. We have, further, aided and originated a movement of co-operation amongst

farmers, and aided financially all those co-operative schemes. All this we did in pursuance of our policy of the development of the resources of the country, side by side with our policy of retrenchment, and of putting the finances of the Colony on a sound basis."

Under the existing Cape law, natives are restricted from buying drink in some districts, but not in others. The object of many of the Dutch wine-growers was to increase the number of areas within which drink could be sold to the natives; the object of the temperance party was to have no sale of liquor to natives in any district. Jameson held an equipoise between them. On the one hand, he wished to restrict the sale of drink altogether; on the other, he was anxious to encourage the Dutch wine-growers to improve the quality of their wine, so that they could be independent of the native market. In this he succeeded, but he was unable, owing to their and the Bond's opposition, to carry through any prohibitive measure for the whole Colony. Nor did he believe in any tinkering measure to increase the restricted areas. His own words describe his position, and are the best reply to the criticisms upon his policy in this respect that have been raised in English editorials:

“As perhaps some of you may have noticed, in my letter published after the dissolution of Parliament, I claim to have fulfilled the whole of the Progressive programme, with one exception; and that one exception I want to say a few words upon. Now, that is the much-discussed liquor question. In our original programme we laid it down that we were in favour of total prohibition of liquor to the aboriginal natives. We have not changed from that position by one iota—(Applause)—notwithstanding anything that has been said or done. It is true we have not passed that as an Act of Parliament. It was one of the first subjects we took up in the first session of our Parliament. We inquired carefully into the matter, and we found it was impossible in Parliament, as then constituted, either in the Assembly or the Council; but still the Government was not supine in dealing with this most important question. The Attorney-General, who is sitting on my right, even at the early stage prepared a comprehensive Bill dealing with the whole liquor question, needless to say, in the interests of temperance. It was impossible to get a consensus of opinion between those interested in the liquor trade and those interested in temperance. It was impossible to get an agree-

ment, and without such an agreement any passage of a Bill was utterly impossible; and so we had to give it up. A great deal of last session was taken up by this question.

“I daresay you will all understand, even you who are in favour of total prohibition, as I am, that the present condition of things, where you have total prohibition practically in one neighbourhood and free drinks in the next, must necessarily lead to smuggling and crime. (Applause.) If you get rid of the anomaly, and have some uniform regulation throughout the country, it would be infinitely better in the interests of temperance and law and order than the present condition of isolated temperance and isolated drunkenness.”

In reply to the criticism that had been raised in respect of his reference to Mr. Schreiner as leader of the new party, he, at Cape Town, emphatically denied that he “had abandoned the leadership, and got into a boat when the country was in a mess.” He said :

“I have only spoken once since Parliament rose—that is, at Grahamstown, and I said then that I would resign as Prime Minister of this Colony after the election. I said nothing about resigning as leader of the Progressive party. (Loud cheers.) I

have already told you that if the Progressive party is to be an extended party, including others who did not originally belong to the Progressive party, then the leader of such a party must have the loyal co-operation of every member of that party. And though the Progressive party might elect me again as leader, still those recruits must have a voice in the selection. Therefore, I said, whatever the result of the election, I would resign, and leave it to the party in a majority to elect me or Mr. Merriman, or anyone else. So far from getting into a boat and abandoning the leadership, I recognize that until every return has come in and every member has been elected, not only for the Legislative Council, but for the House of Assembly, I still am in the position of leader of the Progressive party. (Loud cheers.) So that the Unionist party is not without a leader, and when the elections are finished, supposing that I am not elected, which is highly probable, the day that I resign the leadership of the party, another man will step into my place, and the leadership will be continuous. (Cheers.) So much for party.”

In this spirit, he inspired his party during the elections with all his old energy and determination, fighting a losing battle, but contesting every inch

of ground, in order to create for the future an active and intelligent Opposition. After pointing out that in the Council elections a good many Britishers had deserted the Progressives, because, even counting every single Dutchman, the figures came short of the number of votes by which they were defeated, he went on to state that the real reason was "that the people have had a very hard time during the last four years, and they had to look round and see whom they could hit." In other words, the apathy of a large section of the Progressives had, under impatience and desire for a change, developed into active or passive opposition.

Jameson finally proceeded :

"Up to now, the man in the street has practically been engaged in a mad orgie to get rid of the political past, to get rid of the Government. He has done it, and he will now settle down and put on his thinking cap. He will say, 'What have I got?' That is a natural thing for anyone to do. He will then say, 'What have the new Government promised us? Now I wake up to it. I don't think they have promised us anything.' (Laughter.) Then the process of thinking will go on, and the elector will say, 'Let us look at the policies of

the two parties.’ He will turn to the Unionist party and say, ‘What is their policy?’ (A Voice: “They have none.”) The gentleman says we have none. At all events, it has been put down in black and white, and has been acted upon for four years; and I shall refer him to the Statute Book of the Cape Colony to find out whether it has not been largely carried out. (Loud applause.) I will leave it there. The electors have taken the plunge, and the Bond is in power. Many of them acknowledge that it is an experiment, and, after all, it is an experiment for the session. We will call the discontented Unionists, and they will say, ‘If this experiment fails, perhaps we had better take some safeguards.’ A man, when he cannot swim, does not, as a rule, jump into deep water without a lifebelt. The elector is now going to look for his lifebelt. The only possible form it can take is a strong, intelligent, critical Opposition.”

This is a good description of the fighting attitude of a party leader; but it was not quite the spirit in which Jameson took upon himself the duties of delegate to the Durban Conference, in October, 1908, on closer union. Together with other Progressive delegates, he represents, not only the

interests of the British minority, but also of the whole South African people, and his attitude may be defined as one of open-minded watchfulness and readiness to co-operate.

The situation in the sub-continent at the moment is a remarkable one. On the one hand, the British minority are so powerless that party government has almost ceased to exist. The Progressives in the Transvaal, Orange River Colony and the Cape cannot do much to check Dutch legislation, while the Boer leaders are so far in advance of their constituents in education and enlightened intelligence that, instead of consulting them, they control them. The government of the three colonies is practically in the hands of an all-powerful but enlightened Boer junta. Although in many respects this junta has ruled moderately and fairly, yet, to a certain extent, their action in the Transvaal and Orange River Colony has been reactionary. In connection with the police and Civil Service, they have shown themselves determined to retain discretionary powers capable of autocratic use ; and in other matters they have, perhaps not unnaturally, used their powers in a racial sense in the exclusive interests of the Boer farmers ; while in the Orange River Colony the

education act contains anti-British language provisions. The British minority in South Africa cannot expect that their present disadvantageous position will be in any way bettered either by unification or federation. Either one or the other will, for the time being, merely confirm the Boer junta in their power.

Fully conscious of this, Jameson entered the Conference ready to co-operate in promoting the principle of Union, though anxious to secure such safeguards for the British minority, in the way of decentralization, as may be possible. Here we close the record of his work. In some respects he may appear to have served in vain; but it must be remembered that he has ever elected to champion forlorn hopes, to fight against great odds.

Sketchy and inadequate as has been the story told in the foregoing pages, it has served its purpose if it has revealed the nature of a man who, for the last twenty years, has deliberately and persistently placed his country's interests before his own.

Two traits of Jameson's character appear prominent—his supreme loyalty and his essential naturalness. These seem to be the foundations of

that independence of wealth, of public opinion, and even, if necessary, of private friendship, which left him free to act on his own judgment and instinct. By reason of his independence, his spirit continued ever indomitable, his humour irrepressible, while his individuality, indifferent to success or failure, recognized none but its own ideal of truth, honour, courage and service. Many are called, but few are chosen ; many have ability and character of a high order, but few are dowered with that subtle magnetism which inevitably creates for its possessor power and authority ; and in this sense it is, perhaps, true that this age has produced so few great men. In Jameson's ripened character and capacity for leadership our Empire possesses an asset whose value we cannot afford to lightly appraise.

THE END.

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